THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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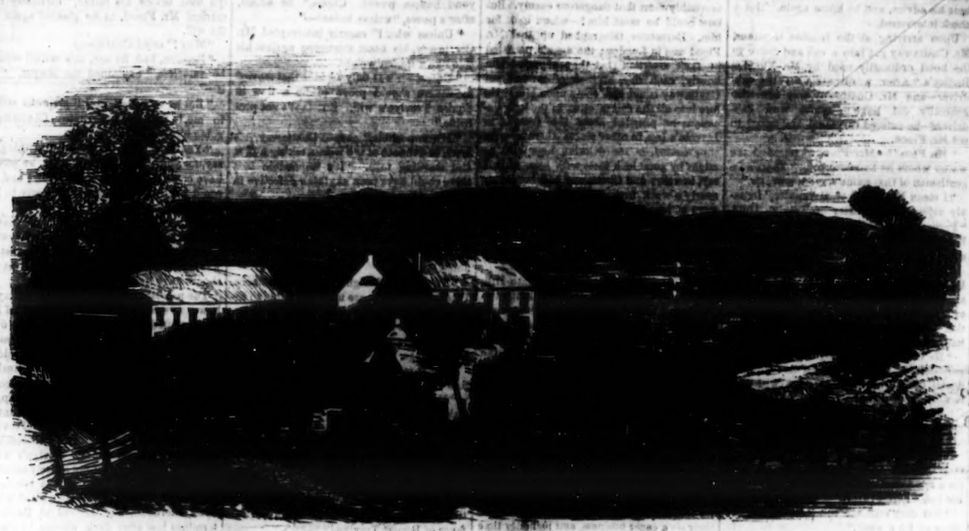

UNION TROOPS MARCHING BACK INTO FALMOUTH AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from "Frank Leslie's Paper," represents the return of the Union troops to their old quarters. It is stated that Gen. Hooker considers the recent movement, while a failure in some respects, to have been a severe blow to the enemy.

SEMI-INDIFFERENT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

Well I know you do not love me,
Yet the bird sings just as sweet
In the apple boughs above me;
And the violets at my feet
Just as surely
Smile, sad purely,
Though the magic spell once thrown
By your tenderness is flown.

Did you think, I sometimes wonder,
That June day when first we met,
How your hand would weave and sunder
Dreams for me with no regret
For the weary
Years, and dreary,
That henceforth might be the fate
Of my heart made desolate.

Ah! to-night, if you could see me
You would own me queenly cold,—
Me, the simple child and dreamy,
Who for hero once did hold
In her fancy's
Sweet romances
You, oh, lost one! night and day
Trustful dreamed and loved alway.

I have changed. Ah! drear transition!
And I face the world to-night,
Cold and calm as fits suspicion,
With my whole heart out of sight.
God forgive me!
It doth grieve me
That my great sweet dreams are flown,
And I, trustless, stand alone.

"Of all love a deathless ember
Somewhere in the soul doth lie;"
This you said, do you remember?
When I asked if love could die,
That June gloaming
We went roaming
All along the water side,
While the sad wind wooed the tide.

Though all sit in judgment o'er me,
Since my heart in fact is stone,
Yet if you should die before me,
And if you should die alone,
I would linger,
With soft finger
Last to close those eyes, and so
For your sake heart-broken go!

Yet I know you do not love me,
And the bird sings just as sweet
In the apple boughs above me;
And the violets at my feet
Just as surely
Smile, and purely,
Since with calm cold strength I stand,
With my fate in my own hand.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By the Author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," "The Channings," etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WALK BY STARLIGHT.

A harvest home used to be a great *fete* in farm houses, chiefly, as you are aware, for its servants and laborers. It is so in some houses still. A rustic, homely, social gathering, where there's plenty, in a plain way, to eat and drink, and where the masters and mistresses and their guests enjoy themselves as freely as their dependents.

Trevlyn Farm was lighted up and revelling in one to-night. The best kitchen, that large entrance-room where you have seen Nora sitting sometimes, and which never was used for kitchen purposes, was set out with a long table as for dinner. Cold beef and ham, substantial and savory meat pies, fruit pies, cakes, cheese, and plenty of ale and cider, were being placed on it. Seats, mostly benches, lined the walls, and the rustic laborers were coming sheepishly in. Some of them had the privilege of bringing their wives, who came in a vast deal less sheepishly than the men.

Nanny was in full attire, a new green stuff gown and white apron; Molly from the parsonage was flaunting in a round cap, as the fashionable servants wore in Barmester, with red streamers hanging behind it; Ann Canham had a new plaid Scotch kerchief, white and purple, crossed on her shoulders, and Jim Sanders's mother, being rather poorly off for smart caps, wore a bonnet. These four were to do the waiting; and Nora was giving over them all the superintending eye of a mistress. George Ryle liked to make his harvest homes thoroughly liberal and comfortable, and Mrs. Ryle seconded it; she was of the openhanded nature of the Trevlyns.

I wonder what Mrs. Ryle would have done, but for Nora Dickson! She really took little more management in the house than a visitor would take. Her will, it is true, was law; she gave her orders, often in minute details; but she left the execution of them to others. Though she had married Thomas Ryle, the plan tenant of Trevlyn Farm, she never forgot that she was the daughter of Trevlyn Hold.

She sat in the small room opening from the supper-room—small in comparison with the drawing-room, but still commodious. On the harvest home night, the visitors—Mrs. Ryle's visitors—were received in that ordinary room and sat there, forming, as may be said, part of the supper-room company, for the door was kept wide open, and the great people went in and out of it, mixing with the small. George Ryle and the parson, Mr. Freeman, would be more in the supper-room than in the other; they were two who liked to see the hard-working happy now and then.

Mrs. Ryle had taken up her place in the sitting-room; her gown of rich black silk and her real lace cap contrasting with the more showy attire of Mrs. Apperley, who sat next her. Mrs. Apperley was in a stiff brocade, yellow satin stripes flanking wavy lines of flowers. It had been her gala robe for years and years, and looked new yet. A wonderfully handsome silk, had it not been out of date. Mrs. Apperley's two daughters, in cherry-colored ribbons and cherry-colored hair nets, were as gay as she was; they were whispering to Caroline Ryle, a graceful girl, in dark blue silk, with the blue eyes and the fair hair of her dead father.

Farmer Apperley, in top boots, was holding an argument on the state of the country with a young gentleman who sat carelessly on the arm of the old-fashioned red sofa, a young man of middle height and dark hair, stout for his years. It was Trevlyn Ryle. George had his back against the wall and was laughingly quizzing the Miss Apperleys, of which they were blushingly conscious. Were you to believe Nora, there was scarcely a young lady within the circuit of a couple of leagues but was privately setting her cap at handsome George.

A bustle in the outer room, and Nanny appeared with an announcement: "Parson and Mrs. Freeman." I am not responsible for the style of the introduction; you may hear such for yourselves if you choose to penetrate to some of our rural districts.

Parson and Mrs. Freeman came in without ceremony; the parson with his hat and walking-stick, Mrs. Freeman in a green calico wadded hood and an old cloak. George, with laughing gallantry, helped her to take them off, and handed them to Nanny, and Mrs. Freeman went up to the pier-glass and settled the white bows in her cap to greater effect.

"But I thought you were to have brought your friend?" said Mrs. Ryle.

"He will come in presently," replied the parson. "A letter arrived for him by this evening's post, and he wished to answer it."

Farmer Apperley turned from his colloquy with Trevlyn.

"D'ye mean that droll-looking man who walks about with a red umbrella and a goat's beard, parson?"

"The same," said Mr. Freeman, settling his double chin more comfortably in his cravat, which was white this evening. "He has been staying with us for a week past."

"Ay. Some foreign folk, isn't he, named Daw? There's all sorts of tales abroad in the neighborhood, as to what he is stopping for down here. I don't know whether they be correct."

"I don't know much about it myself, either," said Mr. Freeman. "I am glad to entertain him as an old friend, but for any private affairs or views of his, I don't meddle with them."

"Best plan," nodded the farmer in approval. And the subject, thus indistinctly hinted at, was allowed to drop, owing probably to the presence of Mrs. Ryle.

"The Chattaways are coming here to-night," suddenly exclaimed Caroline Ryle. She spoke only to Mary Apperley, but there was a pause in the general conversation just then, and the remark was audible to the room. Mr. Apperley took it up.

"Who's coming? The Chattaways! Which of the Chattaways?" he said in some surprise, knowing that they had never been in the habit of paying evening visits to Trevlyn Farm.

"All the girls, and Maude," replied Caroline. "I don't know whether Rupert will come; and I don't think Cris was asked."

"Eh, but that's a new move," cried Farmer Apperley, his long intimacy with the Farm justifying the freedom. "Did you invite them?"

"In point of fact, they invited themselves," interposed Mrs. Ryle, before George, to whom the question had been addressed, could speak. "At least, Octave did; and then George I believe asked the rest of the girls."

"They won't come," said Farmer Apperley. "If they do, I'll eat my head."

"Not come!" interrupted Nora, sharply, who kept going in and out between the two rooms like a dog in a fair. "That's all you know about it, Mr. Apperley. Octave Chattaway is as sure to come here to-night—"

"Nora!"

The interruption came from George. Was he afraid of what she might say in her heat? or did he see, coming in then at the outer door, Octave herself? Octave was coming in—as if to refute the opinion of Mr. Apperley.

But only Amelia was with her. A tall girl with a large mouth and very light hair, ever on the giggle. "Where are the rest?" impulsively asked George, his accent too unguarded to conceal his disappointment.

Octave detected it. She had thrown off her cloak and stood forth in attire scarcely suitable to the occasion—a pale blue evening dress of damask, a silver necklace, silver bracelets, and a wreath of silver flowers in her hair. Nanny could not take the cloak for staring.

"What 'rest?'" asked Octave.

"Your sisters and Maude. They promised to come."

Octave tossed her head, good-humoredly. "*Do* you think we could inflict the whole string on Mrs. Ryle? Two of us will be sufficient to represent the family."

"Inflict! On a harvest home night!" called out Trevlyn. "You know, Octave, the more the merrier, then."

"Why, I believe that's Treve?" exclaimed Octave. "When did you come?"

"This morning. You have got thinner, Octave."

"It's nothing to you, if I have;" retorted Octave, angered out of the remark. The point was a sore one; Octave being unpleasantly conscious that she was thin to ugliness. "*You* have got fat enough, at any rate."

"To be sure," said Treve. "I'm always jolly. It was too bad of you, Octave, not to bring the rest!"

"So it was," said Amelia. "They had dressed for it, and at the last moment Octave made them stay at home. Edith and Emily will be blessing her all night."

George had gone to the back of Mrs. Ryle's chair, and was leaning over it, speaking with her privately.

"It's a shame of Octave to have left those girls at home. I know they counted upon coming. Shall I go for them?"

"I'm sure I don't mind, George. But how can you absent yourself?"

"I'll not be long. I shall tell them I am your messenger."

"Very well. As you please."

Lingering a short while longer, talking around him in both rooms to one and to another, George took his departure imperceptibly. Once outside, he made the best of his way to Trevlyn Hold. But the rooms seemed deserted. At length he found Maude in the school-room; ostensibly correcting exercises; in reality, crying.

"Maude, what is it?"

Maude was unwilling to tell, and was quite ashamed to be caught grieving. George had to draw it from her piecemeal. Emily and Edith had dressed themselves to go to the Farm, and Octave had put her veto upon the visit, after which had ensued a most unpleasant scene of recrimination between the sisters. But Octave had carried the day, as she always did.

"And you?" cried George. "Did you not intend to come?"

"Would Octave be likely to allow me to go, when she forbid her sisters?"

"She ordered you to remain at home also, I suppose, Maude?"

"Yes. She is peremptory, you know."

"And you were grieving for it?"

"Not for that," returned Maude, blushing extensively. "It was about Rupert. Octave forbid *him* also, and he did not take the interference kindly, and there were more words between them. It ended in Rupert's going into a fit of passion, and rushing from the house. No one can rebel against Octave."

"Well, I have come to fetch you all," said George. "I come from my mother. So get your things on. Where are Emily and Edith?"

"They are in bed. They cannot go."

"In bed!"

"They were vexed and angry, and cried a great deal; and it ended in their going up to bed in—if I must confess it—in a temper. They are asleep by this time."

"Well, this is a pretty state of affairs at Trevlyn Hold!" cried George. "Where was Miss Diana?"

"Ah, there lay the chief grievance—that she was not at home to be appealed to. She and madam went to Barmester this afternoon, and have not returned. I cannot think what makes them so late."

"Maude, dear, I can't wait. I have left my company, you know, great and small. Put your things on."

Maude's heart beat with anticipation. She looked down on her pretty dress—a very simple one, not a gay *decollete* affair like Octave's, so absurd for the occasion—and she shyly glanced up at George.

"I see you had dressed to come."

"We all did," she answered. "I do not know whether I may go now."

"Has any one forbidden you?"

"Only Octave."

Lying on a chair, George saw a bonnet and cloak which he recognized as Maude's. In point of fact, she had thrown them off when forbidden the visit by Miss Chattaway. His only answer was to fold the cloak around her. And she tied on the bonnet, and went out with him, shocked at her own temerity, but unable to resist the temptation.

"You are trembling, Maude," he cried, drawing her closer to him as he bent his head.

"I am afraid of Octave. I know she will be so angry. What if she should meet me with insulting words?"

"Then—Maude—you will give me leave to answer her?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"It will involve more than you are thinking of," said George, laughing at her eager tone. "I must tell her, if needful, that I have a right to defend you."

Maude stopped in her surprise, and half drew her arm from his, as she looked up at him in the starlight. The pointed meaning in his tone stirred all the pulses in her heart.

"You cannot have mistaken me, Maude, for this long while past," he quietly said. "If I have not spoken to you more openly; if I do not yet speak out to the world, it is that I see at present little prospect before us. I would prefer not to speak to others until that shall be more assured."

Maude, in spite of the intense feeling of happiness which was rising rebelliously within her with a force not to be suppressed, felt half sick with fear. What of the powers at Trevlyn Hold?

"Yes, there might be opposition there," said George, and the result—great unpleasantness altogether. I am independent enough to defy them, but you are not, Maude. For that reason I will not speak if I can help it. I hope Octave will not too greatly provoke me."

Maude started, as a thought flashed over her, and she looked up at George, a terrified meaning in her face.

"You *must not* speak, George; you must not for my sake. Were Octave only to suspect this, she—she—"

"Might treat you to a bowl of poison—as was the stage fashion in what they call the good old days," he said, laughing. "Child, do you think I have been blind? I understand."

"You will be silent, then?"

"Yes," he answered, after a pause of deliberation. "I will at present, Maude."

They had taken the walk through the fields—it was the nearest way—and George spoke of his affairs as he walked; more confidentially than he had ever in his life entered upon them to any one. That he had been in a manner sacrificed to the interests of Treve, there was no denying, and though he did not allude to it in so many words, it was impossible to ignore the fact entirely to Maude. A short while, one more term to keep at Oxford, and Treve was to enter officially upon his occupation of Trevlyn Farm. The lease would be transferred to his name; he would be its sole master; and George must look out for another home; but until then he was bound to the farm—and bound most unprofitably. To the young, however, all things wear a hopeful hue. What would some of us give in after life for the *couleur de rose* which nearly invariably imbues its threshold!

"By the spring I may be settled in a farm of my own, Maude. I have been casting a longing eye to the Upland. Its lease will be out at Lady-day, and Carteret leaves it. An unwise man, in my opinion, he; to leave a certainty of competence here, for an uncertainty of riches in the New World. But that is his business; not mine. I should like the Upland Farm."

Maude's breath was nearly taken away. It was the only large farm on the Trevlyn estate.

"You surely would not risk taking that, George! What an undertaking!"

"Especially with Chattaway for a landlord, you would say. I shall take it if I can get it. The worst is, I should have to borrow money," he added, in a very serious tone. "And borrowed money weighs one down like an incubus. Witness what it did for my father. But I dare say we should manage to get along."

Maude opened her lips. She was wishing to say something that she did not quite well know how to say.

"I—I fear—" and there she stopped in timidity.

"What do you fear, Maude?"

"I don't know how I should ever manage it, dear," she said, softly, for she caught the tone of her father's step thinking vividly without cause of the dark night and having to do it. "I have been brought up in—so unlucky—as regards all domestic duties."

"Maude," he gravely said, "if I thought I should take my wife to make her work, I should not take her at all. We will manage better than that. You have been brought up a lady; and, if I may swear the truth, I should not care for my wife to be anything else. My mother—I mean Mrs. Ryle—has never done anything of the sort, you know, thanks to good Nora. And there are more Noras in the world. Shall I tell you a favorite axiome of mine?—one that has filled my mind for some time now?"

She turned her hot face—coming to hear it.

"To give a shelter to Rupert. You and I. The welcoming him to our home. We would contrive to make him happier than he is made now."

Maude's heart leaped at the vision. "Oh, George! if it could be! How good you are! Rupert—"

"Hush, Maude!" The sudden check was not spoken by way of interruption to any expression touching his "goodness;" George would only have laughed at that; but because he had become conscious of the proximity of other walking and talking beings like themselves. Two voices were in contention with each other—or, if not in contention, speaking as if their opinions did not precisely coincide: and to George's intense astonishment, he recognized one of the voices as Mr. Chattaway's. He uttered a suppressed exclamation.

"It cannot be, George," she whispered. "He is miles and miles away. Even allowing that he had returned, what should bring him here?—he would have gone direct to the Hold."

But George was positive that it was Chattaway's voice. They—the people to whom the voices belonged—were advancing down the side path on the other side the hedge, and would probably be coming through the gate, right in front of George and Maude. To meet Chattaway was not particularly coveted by either of them, even at the most convenient of opportunities, and at the present time it was not at all convenient. George drew Maude under one of the great elm trees, which overshadowed the hedge on this side.

"Just for a moment, Maude, until they shall have passed. I am certain it is Chattaway."

The gate swung open, and somebody came through it. Only one. Sure enough it was Chattaway. He strode onwards, muttering to himself, a brown paper parcel in his hand. But ere he had gone many steps he halted, turned, and came creeping back, and stood peering over the gate at the man who had turned back the way they had come. A little movement of his head to the right, and Mr. Chattaway might have seen George and Maude standing there.

But he did not. He was grinding his teeth and working his disengaged hand, and altogether too much occupied with the departing man, to pay undesirable attention to what might be around himself. Finally, his display of anger somewhat cooling down, he turned and continued his way towards Treviyn Hold.

"Who can it be that he is so angry with," whispered Maude.

"Hush!" cautioned George. "His ears are sharp."

Very still they remained until he was at a safe distance, and then they went through the gate. Almost beyond their view a tall man was pacing slowly along in the direction of Treviyn Farm, a red umbrella (but in truth George guessed at its color in the light night rather than distinguished it) whirling round and round in his hand.

"Ah, just so I thought," was George's comment to himself.

"Who is it, George?"

"That stranger who is visiting at the parsonage, I think. He must be going to the Farm. We will let him get in first, Maude."

"He seemed to be quarrelling with Mr. Chattaway."

"I don't know. Their voices were loud. I wonder if Rupert has found his way to the Farm?"

"Octave forbids him to go."

"Were I Ru I should break through Aer trammels, at any rate, and show myself a man," remarked George. "He may have done so to-night."

They turned in at the garden gate, and gained the porch. All signs of the stranger had disappeared, and sounds of merriment came forth from within. One of the supper company (but that meal was not over yet) had been stamed into attempting a song, and the rest were joining in the chorus.

George turned Maude's face to his. "You will not forget, my love?"

"Forget what?" she shyly answered.

"That from this night we begin a new life. Henceforth we belong to each other. Maude, Maude! you will not forget!" he fervidly continued.

"I shall not forget," she softly whispered.

And, possibly by way of a reminder that she should not forget, Mr. George, under cover of the shaded and silent porch, took his first lover's kiss from her lips.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A VISIT TO DOCTORS' COMMONS.

But where had Mr. Chattaway been all that while? and how came it that he was seen by George Ryle and Maude hovering about his own ground at night when he was supposed to be miles away? The explanation can be given.

Mr. Chattaway found, as many of us do, that late and hindrances intrude themselves into the most simple plans. When he took the sudden resolution that morning, now some days ago, to run up to London from Barmester after Flood the lawyer, and sent his horse home, and also a word of communication to Miss Diana Treviyn to the effect that he should be home on the morrow, he never supposed that his journey would be a prolonged one. Nothing more easy, as it appeared, to catch Flood at his hotel, get a quarter of an hour's conversation with him, hear his advice, and be home again. But a check intervened.

Upon arriving at the London terminus, Mr. Chattaway got into a cab and drove to the hotel ordinarily used by Mr. Flood—Radley's. After a dispute with the cab-driver—and Mr. Chattaway was one who generally did have disputes with cab-drivers—he entered the hotel, and asked to see Mr. Flood.

"Mr. Flood?—Mr. Flood?" repeated the waiter whom he had accosted. "There's no gentleman of that name staying here, sir."

"I mean Mr. Flood of Barmester," irritably rejoined the master of Treviyn Hold. "Perhaps you don't know him personally. He came up this morning—an hour or two ago."

The waiter was a fresh one, and did not know Mr. Flood personally. He went to another waiter, and the latter came forward to Mr. Chattaway. But the man's information was correct: Mr. Flood of Barmester had not arrived.

"He travelled by the eight o'clock train," persisted Mr. Chattaway, as if he found the denial difficult to be recognized with that fact. "He must be in London."

"All I can say, sir, is that he has not come here," returned the head waiter.

"But he always uses this house?"

"Yes; always, sir, when he comes for any stay. I have known him run up to town for a few hours only; in which case he has not come here at all."

"But they told me this morning he had come up for a week."

"Then I dare say he'll be here by-and-by," returned the waiter. "He may have business to transact first, sir."

It appeared to be a feasible conclusion, but Mr. Chattaway was considerably put out. In his impatience the delay seemed most irritating. He quitted the hotel, and bent his steps along Fleet Street towards Essex Street, where the agents of Mr. Flood lived. Chattaway went in eagerly; fully hoping, and consequently expecting, that the first object his eyes rested on would be his confidential adviser.

His eyes did not receive that satisfaction. Some clerks were in the room, also one or two people who appeared to be strangers; clients, probably: but there was no Mr. Flood, and the clerks could give no information of him. One of the firm, a Mr. Newby, appeared and shook hands with Mr. Chattaway, whom he had once or twice seen.

"Flood? Yes. We got a note from Flood yesterday morning, telling us to get some accounts prepared, as he should be in town in the course of a day or two. He has not come yet; be up to-morrow, perhaps."

"But he has come," reiterated Chattaway. "I have followed him up to town. I want to see him upon a matter of importance."

"Oh, come, has he?" carelessly replied Mr. Newby, and the indifference of manner appeared almost like an insult to Chattaway in that gentleman's impatient frame of mind. "He'll be in later, then."

"He is sure to come here?" inquired Mr. Chattaway.

"Quite sure. We shall have a good bit of business to transact with him this time."

"Then, if you will allow me, I'll wait here. I must see him, and I want to get back to Barbrook as soon as possible."

Mr. Chattaway was told that he was welcome to wait if it pleased him so to do, and a chair was handed him in the entrance room where the clerks were writing, and he took his seat in it. He sat there until he was well nigh driven wild with impatience. The room was in a continual bustle; persons coming in and going out perpetually. For the first hour or so, the watching of the swaying door afforded Chattaway a sort of relief—of hope; for in every fresh visitor (until he came into view) he expected to see Mr. Flood. But this grew tedious at last, and the ever-recurring disappointment told upon his temper.

Evening came, the hour for the closing of the office, and the country lawyer had not made his appearance.

"It is most extraordinary!" remarked Chattaway to Mr. Newby.

"He has been ab out some other business, and couldn't get to us to-day, I suppose," rejoined Mr. Newby, in the most provoking matter-of-fact tone. "If he has come up for a week, as you say, he must have some important affair on hand; in which case it may be a day or two before he finds his way to us."

A most unsatisfactory conclusion for Mr. Chattaway; but that gentleman was obliged to put up with it, in the absence of any hope more tangible. He went back to the hotel, and there found that Mr. Flood as yet was among the non-arrivals.

It was bad enough, that disappointment; but the disappointed suspense that followed, when it came to be extended over some days and nights, you may judge how it was increased. Mr. Flood did not make his appearance. Chattaway, in a state of fume, divided his time between the hotel, the agent's office in Essex Street, and the Euston Square railway terminus, in the wild hope of coming upon the lawyer. All to no effect. He telegraphed to Barmester, and received for reply that Mr. Flood was in London, and so he redoubled his hauntings at the different expected meeting places, and worked himself into a fever.

It appeared to him absolutely necessary that he should consult Flood before venturing back to home quarters, where he should inevitably meet that dangerous enemy. But how could he meet him?—where look for him. Barmester telegraphed up that Mr. Flood was in London; the agents persisted in their assertion that they expected him hourly, each day, at their office; and yet Chattaway could not come upon him. He tore into all the courts open in the long vacation; he prowled about the Temple, in Lincoln's Inn, in other places where lawyers congregated, in the delusive hope that he might by good luck meet with him. All, I say, in vain; and Chattaway had been very nearly a week from home when his hopes were at length realized. There were other lawyers whom he might have consulted—Mr. Newby himself, for instance—but he shrunk from laying bare his great dread to a stranger.

He was walking slowly up Ludgate Hill, his hands in his pocket, his brow knit, altogether in a disconsolate manner, some vague intention in his mind of taking a peep inside Doctors' Commons, when by the merest accident he happened to turn his eyes on the string of vehicles passing up and down. In that same moment a cab, extricating itself from the continuous line, whirled past him in the direction of Fleet Street, and its inmate was Flood the lawyer.

All his inanition of spirit gone, his arms extended, his eyes starting, Chattaway threw himself into the midst of the crowding carriages, and tore after the cab shouting and crying. The sober foot passengers thought he had gone mad, but they were bent on their own eager business, and had only time for a wondering glance. The drivers of omnibuses, of other vehicles, pulled up to bestow a little abuse on the intruder who appeared to wish to be run over: but Chattaway bore on his way, and succeeded in keeping the cab in view. By the time it stopped at the hotel, to which it turned, and the lawyer had alighted, a portmanteau in his hand, and was paying the driver, Chattaway was up with him, panting, breathless, excited, grasping his arm as one demented.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Flood in astonishment. "You here, Chattaway! Do you want me?"

"I followed you to town by the next train; I have been looking after you ever since, gasped Chattaway, unable to regain his breath between the race and his excitement. "Where have you been hiding yourself? Your agents have been expecting you all this while."

"I dare say they have. I wrote to say I should be with them in a day or two. I thought I should be, then."

"But where have you been?"

"Over to France. A client wrote to me from Paris—"

"To France!" interrupted Mr. Chattaway, in his anger, feeling the announcement as an especial aggravation to himself. What right had his legal adviser to be dancing his heels in France when he had been searching for him in London?

"I did not intend to stay," continued Mr. Flood. "I took the express train route, *viâ* Folkestone, and meant to return without delay; but when I reached my client, I found the affair on which he wanted me was a complicated one, and I had to wait the dilatoriness of French lawyers."

"You have been lingering over the seductions of Paris; for nothing else," grovelled Mr. Chattaway.

The lawyer laughed pleasantly.

"No, on my honor. I did go about to see some of the sights while I was waiting for my business; but they did not detain me by one unnecessary minute. What is it that you want with me?"

They entered the hotel, and Mr. Chattaway took him into a private room, unwashed, unrefreshed as the traveller was, and laid the case before him; the sudden appearance of the mysterious stranger at Barbrook, his open avowal that he had come to depose Chattaway from the Hold, and place in it Rupert Treviyn.

"But who is he?" inquired Mr. Flood.

"A lawyer," was the reply—for you must remember that Mr. Chattaway could only speak in accordance with the presumed fact; the facts as they had been exaggerated to him. "I know nothing more about the man, save that he avows he has come to Barbrook to deprive me of my property, and take up the cause of Rupert Treviyn. But he can't do it, you know, Flood. The Hold is mine, and must remain mine."

"Of course he can't," acquiesced the lawyer. "Why need you put yourself out about it?"

Mr. Chattaway was wiping the moisture from his face. The words, "But he can't do it, you know, Flood," had been spoken more as a question suggested by his fears, than as an assertion of his belief. He set looking at the lawyer.

"I can't deny that it has troubled me," he said, "that it is troubling me still. What would my family do—my children—if we were turned from the Hold?"

It was the lawyer's turn to look. He could not make out Chattaway. No power on earth, so far as his belief and knowledge went, could wrest Treviyn Hold from its present master. Why, then, these fears? Were they born of nervousness? But Chattaway was not a nervous man.

"Treviyn Hold is as much yours as this hat"—touching the one at his elbow—"is mine," he resumed. "It came to you by legal bequest; you have enjoyed it these twenty years, and to deprive you of it is beyond human power. Unless," he added, after a pause, "unless, indeed—"

"Unless what?" eagerly interrupted Mr. Chattaway, his heart thumping against his side like a leaden weight.

"Unless—it was only an idea that crossed me—there should prove to be a flaw in Squire Treviyn's will. But that's not probable."

"It's impossible," gasped Chattaway, his fears, in defiance of the words, taking a new and startling turn. "It's impossible that there could have been anything defective in the will, Flood."

"It's next door to impossible," acquiesced the lawyer; "though such mistakes have been known. Who drew it up?"

"The squire's solicitors, Paterby and Jones."

"Then it's all right, you may be sure. Peterby and Jones are not men liable to insert errors in their deeds. I should not trouble myself about the matter."

Mr. Chattaway sat in silence, revolving many things.

"What made you think there might be a flaw in the will?" he presently asked.

"Nay, I did not think there was; the train of thought led me to the idea that there might be; that was all. When a case is offered to me for consideration," continued Mr. Flood, "it is my habit to seize upon it, and rapidly glance at it in all its bearings. You tell me that a stranger has made his appearance at Barbrook, avowing an intention of displacing you from Treviyn Hold in favor of Rupert Treviyn."

"Well?"

"Well, then, I instantly, while you were speaking, began to grasp that case, to turn it about in my mind; and I see that there is no possible contingency by which you can be displaced, so far as I know and believe. You enjoy it in accordance with Squire Treviyn's will, and so long as that will remains in force, you are safe—provided the will has no flaw in it."

"Why should you think it has a flaw in it?" reiterated Mr. Chattaway.

"I don't think it. I don't fear it. I only mention it as the remotest possible solution—the only ground of pretence for the manner in which you tell me this man is acting. I make no doubt that the will is what it has always been supposed to be—perfectly legal; and that the stranger's expressed intention will turn out to be all moonshine."

Mr. Chattaway sat biting his lips. His own opinion had always been (and it may be said was in contradistinction to that great dread ever hidden in his heart) that he was safe under the will and through the will. Never for a moment in the wildest flight of fear had he given a glance to the contingency that the will could be illegal—that it could have a flaw in it. On that will he had relied, however dark and vague his fears had seemed; it had been his sheet anchor. The idea, therefore, now suggested by Mr. Flood was perhaps the most alarming that could have been presented to him.

"If there were any flaw in the will," he began—and the very mention of the cruel words almost rent his heart in two—"could you detect it, by reading the will over?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Flood.

"Then let us go at once, and set this awful uncertainty at rest."

"He had risen from his seat so eagerly and hastily that Mr. Flood scarcely understood.

"Go where?" he asked.

"To Doctors' Commons. We can see it there by paying a shilling."

"Oh—ay, I'll go, if you like. But I must get a wash first, and a mouthful of refreshment. I have had nothing since leaving Boulogne, and the crossing—ugh! I don't want to think of it."

Mr. Chattaway controlled his impatience in the best manner he was able. He went out and called a cab to the door, and took his place in it long before Mr. Flood was ready—which would, in all probability, entail one of Mr. Chattaway's favorite disputes with the driver when they should arrive at their destination. At length they were fairly on their way—to the very spot for which Mr. Chattaway had been making once before that morning.

Difficulties surmounted, including the cabman, Mr. Flood was soon deep in the perusal of Squire Treviyn's will. He read it over slowly and thoughtfully, his forefinger pointing to every word separately, his eyes and head bent, his whole attention absorbed in the task. At its conclusion, he turned and looked full at Mr. Chattaway.

"You are perfectly safe," he said. "The will is right and legal in every point."

The relief of the words brought a glow into Chattaway's dusky face.

"I thought it strange if it could be wrong," he cried, drawing a deep breath.

"It is only the codicil, you see, which affects you," continued Mr. Flood, pointing to the deed before them. "The will appears to have been made years before the codicil, and leaves the estate to the eldest male Rupert, and failing him, to Joseph. Rupert died; Joe died; and then the codicil was drawn up, willing it to you. You come in, you see, after the two sons; no mention whatever is made of the child Rupert."

Chattaway coughed. He did not deem it necessary to repeat that Squire Treviyn had never known that the child Rupert was in existence; but Mr. Flood was, no doubt, aware of that fact.

"It's a good thing for you that Joe Treviyn died before his father," carelessly remarked Mr. Flood, as he glanced again at the will.

"Why?" cried Chattaway.

"Because, had he not, this codicil would be valueless," explained the lawyer. "It is—"

"But he was dead, and it gives the estate to me," fiercely interrupted Chattaway, going into a white heat again.

"Yes, yes. But it was a good thing, I say, for you. Had Joe been alive, he would have come in, I see, in spite of this; and he could have bequeathed the property to his boy after him."

"Do you suppose I don't know all that?" retorted Chattaway. "It was only in consequence of Joe Treviyn's death that the estate was willed to me. Had he lived, I never should have had it, or expected it."

The peevish tone of his voice betrayed how sore was the subject altogether, and Mr. Flood smiled. "You need not be cross over it, Chattaway," he said; "there's no cause. And now you may go home to the Hold in peace, without having your sleep disturbed by dreams of ejection. And if that unknown friend of yours, the stranger, should happen to mention in your hearing his kind intention of depositing you for Rupert Treviyn, tell him, with my compliments, to come up here and read over Squire Treviyn's will."

Partially reassured, if not entirely satisfied, Mr. Chattaway lost little time in taking his departure from London. He quitted it that same afternoon, and arrived at Barbrook terminus just after dark, whence he started for the Hold.

But he did not proceed to it as most other travellers in his rank in life would have done. He did not call a fly and drive to it; he preferred to go on foot. He did not even walk along the broad highway, but turned into the by-paths, where he might be pretty sure of not meeting a soul, and stole cautiously along, peering on all sides of him, as if he were looking out for something he either longed or dreaded to see.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

DIO LEWNACY.

It is a pity that the "reformers" of the United States, and especially of New England, cannot learn the meaning of that very important word, Moderation. To them Truth always seems to lie in extremes. They keep their eye not only "single," but also stationary, so that they may not be able to contemplate great questions from more than one favorite point of view.

Thus one "reformer," horrified at the evils which result from too great a consumption of animal food, denounces in the strongest terms the consumption of any food at all—more, even proscribes milk, that substantially natural sustenance of the infant frame, as coming within the forbidden category. Another neater mill abused mankind in his capacity as a advocate of "the cause of humanity, and no man." Another, declaring coffee and tea taken in improper quantities, or by persons with whom they do not agree, strikes those generous and wholesome gifts of the Creator from the catalogue of allowable stimulants. Another denounces fine bread as a kind of poison. Another regards water as a cure for all earthly ills, and considers the administration of medicines entirely useless. And so on through the whole list of reformatory notions.

Dr. Dio Lewis, who recently delivered a lecture in this city, appears to be disposed to run the usual course of New England reformers. His peculiar hobbies are Ventilation, Sunshine and Light Gymnastics; and if he would only ride these in moderation, he might do all good and no harm in his career. But in his energetic pursuit of fresh air he appears to forget altogether the dangers of cold drafts and noxious vapors; in his worship of the sun, he would cut down all our shade trees, and tear away all our window blinds; and in his advocacy of the Light Gymnastics would ignore all the benefit that thousands have received from the usual round of gymnastic exercises.

Now that Pure Air is a good thing, very few know better than ourselves. For many years we have had our attention attracted to the subject, and have experimented considerably upon it. But our conclusions are by no means those of Dr. Dio Lewis. We have not the least doubt that it is often better to endure impure air—that of a railroad car for instance—than to throw up the window on a cold, raw day, and expose yourself to the danger of taking a severe cold, from which you may never fully recover. Of course where you can have pure air without the danger of taking cold, you would be foolish not to have it—but the dangers which are apt to result from a half hour's breathing of impure air, for instance, are as nothing compared to the dangers which may ensue from the blowing of a draft of cold air upon your neck, breast or back for the same period of time.

Sleeping in a room with "the windows opened near the bed," as Dr. Lewis recommends, would be a very dangerous experiment indeed for very many people. We know a gentleman possessing an unusually well developed chest, who once threw himself down upon the parlor sofa. Unknown to him the window-sash was open behind the blinds, the sofa being foolishly placed under the window. He fell asleep—the wind changed during his sleep, and blew in, cold and damp, upon him. The consequence was, that though one of the last men to fear consumption, his lungs were so affected that he had to leave his business, and devote years to the single object of regaining his health. And this was in the day-time, not the night.

Now when we consider how liable the climate of this country is to change—how we may go to bed scarcely able to bear a sheet upon us, and waken up to find a temperature like that of the mountain-tops—to advise people, and even those who are delicate, to go to sleep with the wind blowing freely upon them, seems to us just a little short of madness.

The true plan of ventilating bed-rooms, is to ventilate them in such a manner that drafts will be, as far as possible, avoided. For ourselves, we have never found any better plan than the open fireplace and chimney flue, with an additional opening made into the flue near the ceiling of the room. If this does not afford sufficient fresh air, close your outside venetian shutters, and then open your window, thus breaking the draft of air against the fully or partially closed slats of the shutter. If you have not venetian shutters, interpose something to break the draft of the air—and if you are a sound sleeper, open your window only so far as is absolutely necessary for the ventilation of the room, bearing in mind the probabilities of a change of weather. Remember that you may die of an overdose of even Pure Air about as certainly, if not as easily, as from an overdose of Pure Water. And remember further, that the Night Air, especially in certain districts, and at certain periods of the year, in spite of all that Dr. Lewis says, is more impure and dangerous than the tempered atmosphere of the house. For it would appear that even in the process of passing into a house through narrow openings, an impure and moist air parts with no small degree of its dangerous qualities, somewhat as it does in passing through a curtain.

But we pass on to Doctor Lewis's views of sunshine. Sunshine, no doubt, is an excellent thing—but the numerous cases every summer of sun-stroke, prove very clearly that even the sunshine must be taken in moderation. The same great Power which made the sun, made the trees—and when and where the sun is the hottest, the leaves are the thickest. A man as naturally seeks the shady side of the street in a hot, summer day, as an animal does the shade of the woods, and of the trees in the fields. We think it probable that Dr. Lewis walks in the summer on the shady side himself, though if he does not, we can better account for some of his theories. And must the instinct of almost all animated nature go for

nothing? We have seen houses in the country entirely destitute of shade, but...yet never observed that the inhabitants looked the healthier for it. And what little tow-headed monsters the juveniles were. That the tow did not catch fire, and the children go off in a sudden solar combustion, was doubtless owing to a special interposition of Providence.

If the rays of the sun cannot easily be taken in excess, why have we the frequent cautions to travellers to guard well their brains when they are on a summer tramp, by putting wet grass or a handkerchief in the top of their hats? And why does Dr. Lewis wear a hat at all? Why not go bareheaded like George Mundy, our famous "hatless prophet"—who may at last boast perhaps of a convert.

Let us look at this matter on a larger scale. Contrast the people of the Temperate zones, where the sunlight is in moderation, with those of the Tropics. If Dr. Lewis's doctrines be true, we should find the superior races where there is the most sun. But we do not find it so. The inferior races bask in the molten sunshine of the Equator.

Too much sun is not productive of a rosy, healthy complexion. The English are a ruddier people than the Americans—and yet they have a notoriously cloudy climate, and perhaps no country in the world has its dwellings so surrounded with shrubbery and shade trees. The superior warmth and brilliancy of the sun's rays in America, are evident to the most careless traveller, and yet we are comparatively a sallow people—and the further south you go the sallower the people are.

That people and houses may have too much shade, that ladies generally keep their houses too dark, and that rooms are better for a reasonable degree of sunshine daily, we cheerfully admit—but it is not reasonable that we should give as free course to the sunshine in July as in January.

As to the Light Gymnastics, we approve of them highly. We have attended a class where they were practised, and think them admirably adapted to exercise the various muscles of the body, and promote strength and grace. Being performed in company, and to music, adds an element of cheerfulness which is always of great importance in bodily exercises. That they will supplant the regular gymnastics, however, is not probable, nor to be desired. The latter probably will prove to be the best for vigorous young men, the former for young ladies and children. There is room, however, for all forms of bodily exercise—Light Gymnastics, Regular Gymnastics, Skating, Cricket, Ball Playing, Fencing, Dancing, and the whole round of healthy exercises. That the improvement of the physical powers now attracts so large a portion of the public attention is an excellent sign indeed—and to Dr. Lewis and all others who are engaged in keeping this important subject before the community, the thanks of the community are due. To the judicious editor also, who utters his word of seasonable warning, in order to prevent the good cause of Proper Living from being run off the right road, and over the precipice of extremes, the thanks of the community are also due, even if a portion of said community should not know it.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Of the many complimentary letters relative to The Post that we have the pleasure of receiving, we occasionally copy one in order, first, to please ourselves, and secondly, because we think it will gratify large numbers of our readers. The extract that we publish below—being from the editor of a journal published in the vicinity of Boston—pleases us the more because it comes from one whose position enables him to speak understandingly of editorial labors, and whose praise therefore is praise indeed. This gentleman writes to us as follows:—

Will you please send me a copy of your paper of May 23, 1863. I have lost mine, and as I keep a file of them, should like to obtain it.

The Post is the only literary paper on my exchange list which I *read*. You make it up with remarkable ability and tact. I don't know what your subscription list is, but *it ought to be beyond anything in America*. You beat the *Ledger* and that class on their own ground, besides furnishing a great deal of really valuable literary matter.

☞ Uncle or Father—"I say, boy, whose horse is that you're riding?" "Why, it's daddy's!" "Who is your daddy?" "Don't you know? Why, Uncle Jones." "So you're the son of your uncle?" "Why, yes, calculate I am. You see, dad got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle."

☞ Two words are almost universally misspelled in the newspapers of the day, and even in many books. These are *intrenchment* and *innuendo;* they are commonly spelled *entrenchment* and inuendo. They are not to be found in the dictionaries in the latter form.

☞ An Irishman, upon being shown a steam-shovel, looked at it some time with a mixture of loathing, abhorrence and contempt. At length, shaking his fist at the machine, and grinding his teeth with rage, he exclaimed, triumphantly—"Bad luck to you, you can't *vote*, anyhow!"

☞ "I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, John," said the young lady, "you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. D. B.

VII.

A considerable force had now gathered around the standard of the Dictator. It consisted principally of the garrison of Cracow and emancipated serfs, who, buoyant with hope, but lacking in arms and discipline, followed with enthusiasm a leader whose condescension won their affections, and whose skill and valor inspired them with confidence in his ability to lead them successfully against the Russian army, which General Igelstrohm had dispatched to crush them. A desperate battle was fought near the village of Raclawice, in which Kosciusko gained a decided advantage. Having rearmed his troops with weapons taken from the enemy, he awaited the spread of the insurrection in the other portions of the kingdom.

Igelstrohm, alarmed at the defeat of his subordinate, and beginning to comprehend the magnitude of the revolutionary movement, arrested the principal citizens of Warsaw, and prepared to disarm such regiments of the garrison as he suspected of being disaffected towards the Russian Government. But his designs were anticipated; the Polish guards broke open the arsenal, armed the populace, attacked the loyal troops, and drove them with great slaughter across the Vistula. Igelstrohm, after bravely defending his residence against the attacks of the patriots, succeeded in escaping to the Prussian camp, near the city. The flag of the revolutionary party waved over the towers of Warsaw, and the city, again free from the presence of foreign soldiers, resounded with acclamations of joy. An executive council was immediately formed, with the gallant Mokranowski and Zakrzewski as its chief officers; and the authority of the Dictator was formally recognized. The revolutionary feeling spread like wild-fire from individual to individual, from city to city, from province to province, until nearly the whole nation was in a blaze of insurrection. Lithuania, even, did not hesitate to unite its fortunes with those of Poland Proper; and the garrison of Wilna, by laying down its arms, escaped the fate of that of Warsaw.

Forty thousand patriots were now under arms, actuated by the purest motives, but not always guided by the wisest counsels. The same jealousy which had proved so fatal to the republic in the past, still lingered in the breasts of the nobility. Kosciusko, using every effort to increase the numbers of his army, had armed the serfs with scythes, and placed them side by side with high born nobles, who shrunk from their contaminating touch; the discontent thus excited was in the highest degree detrimental to the discipline of the revolutionary force. Other difficulties and discouragements hampered the movements of the Dictator. The lack of a solid middle class of society was felt not only in the army, but it also interfered with the financial operations of the executive council—the national credit was at a low ebb; and a depreciated currency circulated with difficulty throughout the kingdom—the want of competent regimental and company officers was a source of great embarrassment, and the well laid plans of Kosciusko were frequently frustrated by the ignorance or impatience of his subordinates. Such was the condition of national affairs when the Dictator, with his little band, prepared to encounter the well equipped, and ably officered battalions of the Russian and Prussian monarchs.

Forty thousand Prussians, commanded by Frederick William in person, were advancing towards Warsaw, and threatened, by effecting a junction with the Russians, to regain possession of Cracow and the capital. Kosciusko, with twenty-six thousand men, hastened to throw himself on General Denisoff before the arrival of the King, but, unfortunately, was not able to accomplish his design. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, he made a brave defence against the combined armies, and retired in good order, having suffered the loss of one thousand men. This check was followed by the defeat of General Zayonschuk at Chelm and the surrender of Cracow.

The populace have, in all ages, merited the title of fickle; for in a few short hours they often execrate those whose praises were just on their lips. Thus at Warsaw the popular expectation had been wrought to a high pitch, and the news of the recent reverses was as unanticipated as it was disheartening. After the first shock had passed away, loud complaints were uttered against the management of the campaign, and the executive council blamed for not executing all Russian sympathizers. Finally the prison doors were broken open, and eight suspected persons, who were confined by orders of the council, met a violent death at the hands of the mob. The presence of Kosciusko alone was able to restore order, and the arrest and punishment of the principal offenders prevented a repetition of the outbreak.

The forces of the invaders now laid siege to Warsaw, expecting an easy victory. But the genius of Kosciusko was equal to the emergency, and in the defence of the capital of his country he displayed untiring energy, great military skill, and superior administrative talents, combined with a simplicity of life which not a little resembled that of his former chief. In vain did the besiegers assault the works, they were repulsed at every quarter; and in these affairs Joseph Poniatowski, Dombowski, and many other officers won new laurels by their enterprise and daring. Foiled in every attempt, their supplies intercepted, and serious disorders in Polish Russia demanding their attention, the allies were obliged to raise the siege, and on the night of the 9th of September, 1794, they hastily retired, leaving their sick and wounded and baggage to be the care and the spoil of the Poles. This glorious termination of the attack of the invaders inspired the revolutionists with fresh hopes; and eighty thousand men soon awaited Kosciusko's orders. Could this army have been concentrated in fortified towns it might have long withstood the allied attacks; but dispersed as it was, over a large extent of country, it was unable to cope successfully with the superior forces of the enemy.

Soon the tide of fortune began to ebb, for the arrival of Suwarrow in Poland restored the hopes of the allied armies. That great, but brutal general, encountered a division of the Polish force at Krupczyce, beyond the river Bug, and after a two days' engagement destroyed or captured the larger portion of it. The rest fled in confusion towards Warsaw. Kosciusko, perceiving the extent of this disaster, appointed Mokranowski to the command of the Lithuanian army, and pressed on to prevent the union of Suwarrow with the main body of the enemy, which was commanded by General Fersen. He succeeding in arriving before Suwarrow had effected the junction, and only awaited the arrival of the corps of General Poninski to attack the Russian general. But Poninski, not having received the messages which the Dictator had dispatched to him failed to appear; and Kosciusko, knowing the impossibility of a successful retreat, determined, notwithstanding the absence of this corps, to hazard a general engagement. Fersen commanded twelve thousand veteran troops, including a most efficient cavalry force, whilst opposed to him were but ten thousand undisciplined and ill-armed patriots. The conflict which took place at Maciolewice was an obstinate one, the Russian fought with habitual coolness, and the Poles, animated by the presence of their beloved chief, performed prodigies of valor. Kosciusko was often in the thickest of the fight, and the steadiness of his raw levies must for a time have encouraged the hope of victory. But at the most critical moment of the day the Russian cavalry fell upon the unprotected left wing of the Polish army, and drove it back in confusion; and notwithstanding the exertions of the Dictator and his subordinates, the rout of the whole army ensued. Kosciusko, and many other officers, including the poet Niemcewicz, were wounded and taken prisoners; whilst the remnant of the defeated army bore the sad news to Warsaw. Notwithstanding the discouraging aspect of affairs the executive council made preparations for a vigorous defence of the city. The suburb of Praga, which flanked the single bridge across the Vistula, was strongly fortified: a hundred pieces of artillery stood ready to launch destruction at an assaulting foe, whilst a garrison of twenty-six thousand men presented no slight obstacle to the capture of the position.

But notwithstanding the perils which confronted him, Suwarrow determined to storm the works. Seven columns advanced to the attack, filled up the ditch with fascines, carried with rapidity the ramparts; and drove the Polish battalions, routed and dismayed to the river's edge. The bridge was quickly crowded with terrified fugitives; the timbers gave way beneath the enormous weight, and the thousands who were upon it perished in the waves. Those that remained in the suburb experienced a no happier fate, for the merciless Russians carried universal destruction in their march. The houses were reduced to ashes, and twelve thousand individuals of all ranks, sexes, and ages, fell victims to the conqueror's wrath. The bloody scenes of this fourth day of November, 1794, have added to the blackness of the fame of the "butcher of Ismail."

On the second day after the storming of the suburb, the citizens of Warsaw, who with agony had witnessed the destruction of their army and the slaughter of their friends, anxious to escape their fate and despairing of the Republic, surrendered to the Russian general. After the latter had made a triumphant entry into the city, he caused such of the patriotic chiefs as had not escaped by death or flight from his power, to be conveyed to Russian prisons, where they remained until the death of Ostherine, when they were liberated by order of her successor. Stanislas was deprived of his regal dignity, and passed the remainder of his days in Russia, enjoying tranquillity and affluence, receiving an annual pension of two hundred thousand ducats for his support. In the year 1796, the final partition was arranged; the southern part of the territory, with Cracow, fell to Austria, Prussia attained the lands on the left of the Vistula, together with Warsaw, and the rest was occupied by Russia. Poland's nationality was forever obliterated.

It will be easily seen that much of the misery of Poland was due to the imbecility and treachery of Stanislas Ponistowski; without neglecting, however, those great underlying causes which we have noticed heretofore: the arrogance of the nobility, the theory of an absolute unanimity, and the want of a middle class of society. Had he possessed the energy and patriotism of his nephew, Joseph, the uprising of the people would doubtless have been attended with permanent success; and as a constitutional monarchy Poland would have assumed a position alike dignified and influential. The contrast between the characters of Stanislas and Kosciusko serves to illustrate the vices of the one and the virtues of the other. The admirers of patriotism place the name of the latter high in the roll of fame, while the most charitable are forced to acknowledge that the reign of the former was characterized by neither ability, energy, or integrity. The great Polish chieftain died in Switzerland in 1817, but his remains were conveyed to the city of Cracow. We cannot refrain from inserting in this connection, a portion of those beautiful lines, which have familiarized all readers of English poetry with the sad story of the battle of Maciolewice, and which are so identified with our subject that it seems impossible to omit them:

"Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye and curb'd her high career;
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell!"

The Polish exiles found a refuge in Paris, and long hoped that the French Government would take up arms in their behalf. But the treaty of Bale in 1795, which reconciled the Count of Versailles with that of Berlin, precluded the possibility of such an event. The death of Catherine in 1796, however, relieved the Poles from their bitterest enemy; and her successor, the Emperor Paul, effectually disarmed, by kind treatment, the malcontents in his dominions. Prussia, too, adopted a milder policy; and thus every portion of the kingdom, except that under Austria, enjoyed tranquility and comparative freedom.

But thousands of brave Poles sought occupation in the armies of France, and rejoiced to have an opportunity in Italy of avenging themselves on the Austrian Government. These Polish Legions were distinguished for bravery, discipline and endurance; and when the star of Napoleon waxed in the ascendant they formed the flower of his armies. Many and severe campaigns diminished their numbers, yet not a few followed their great leader into the capital of Austria, which more than a century before had been rescued from destruction by the strong arms of their ancestors. Freely they poured out their life's blood for their adopted country; and on the fatal field of Leipsic no soldier fell than Joseph Poniatowski. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Facts—The credulity of woman, on the subject of being loved, is very great; they often mistake a common liking for a particular regard, and on this foundation build up a castle in the air, and fill it with all the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love, and when some startling fact destroys the vision, they feel as if the whole creation were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women. It is safer to be very skeptical on the subject of being loved: but if you do make the mistake, take all the blame to yourself, and save your dignity by secrecy, if you cannot keep your heart from loving.—*Mrs. Furrer.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Morford, to Miss Elizabeth Sebolla, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Mr. Thomas Crowther, to Miss Ruth Heywood, both of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. Andrew J. Dickes, to Miss Annie Lass, both of this city.

On the 28th of May, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Henry Bitten, of the U. States steamer Tuscarora, to Miss Ann Jane Glenn, of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, B. E. Whitley, to Mary A. Baker, both of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Milton Butts, to Miss Matilda Stairs, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. James Shannon, to Miss Rebecca, daughter of Mr. Aaron Moore of Port Richmond.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Alday Mr. John E. Green, to Miss Annie M. Mullica, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, at his late residence, Warwick Furnace, Chester county, Pa., Hon. David Potts. In early life a member of the State Legislature; afterwards, for four full terms, of the U. S. Congress.

On the 3d instant, John R. Summers, aged 55 years.

On the 1st instant, Mary A. Snyder, widow of David Snyder, Sr.

On the 1st instant, Mr. Miles S. Wallens, in his 46th year.

On the 1st instant, William L. Webster, in his 24th year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. Benj. Naylor, aged 54 years.

On the 30th ultimo, John G. Knox, aged 40 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. Rebecca Turner, aged 76 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Jacob Hoover, in his 48th year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mary L. Wetherill, in her 35d year.

What the Southern Confederacy Means—The Richmond Examiner of May 30, informs the world what the Southern Confederacy means. The picture is strongly painted, and there can be no mistake as to the meaning of the limner. It says:

"If the Confederacy is at a premium, she owes it to herself. And so much the better. We shall be all the more free to run the grand career which opens before us, and grasp our own lofty destiny. Would that all of us understood and laid to heart the true nature of that career and that destiny, and the responsibility it imposes! *The establishment of the Confederacy is, verily, a distinct reaction against the whole course of the miserable civilization of the age.* And this is the true reason why we have been left without the sympathy of the nations until we conquered that sympathy with the sharp edge of our sword. *For 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' as have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination and Government.* Those social and political problems which rack and torture modern society, we have undertaken to solve for ourselves, in our own way, and upon our own principles. That 'among equals equality is right;' among those who are naturally unequal, equality is chains. *Chief Justices are slave races born to serve, master races born to govern.* Such are the fundamental principals which we inherit from the ancient world, which we lifted up in the face of a perverse generation that has forgotten the wisdom of his fathers; by these principles we live, and in their defence we have shown ourselves ready to die. Reverently we feel that our Confederacy is a God-sent missionary to the nations, with great truths to preach. We must speak them boldly; and whose hath ears to hear let him hear."

☞ A Woman's League has been formed in New York. We will venture the proposition again: if a miss is as good as a mile, how many women will it take to make a league? Three, of course.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continues depressed and dull. Sales of 1000 bbls, mostly taken for export, at $5.75@6 for common and good superfine; $6.25@6.87½ for extras, the latter choice Lancaster county, $6.50 @7.25 for low grade and good Western extra family; $7.75@8.25 for high grade do, and $9 @ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour comes in slowly, but the demand is limited at $5 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also quiet but steady at $3 for Penna and $4.25 ₱ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are on the increase, and 5@7c lower, with sales of only about 35,000 bus to note at $1.55@1.58 for fair to good and choice reds, and $1.60 to 1.73 for white; at the close buyers only offer $1.50 for red and $1.60 for white. Rye is selling in a small way on arrival at $1 for Penna. Corn is steady, with sales of about 28,000 bus to note at 84@86c for inferior to prime yellow, and 88c for Western mixed. Oats are also more inquired for and firmer, with sales of 40,000 bus Penna at 70@72c, mostly at 72@74c ₱ 32 lbs. Barley remains inactive. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at $1.55@1.60.

PROVISIONS continue firm, with a small business doing in barrelled meats at $14@14½ for Western Mess Pork, and $13@14 for Mess Beef, 100 bbls Beef Hams sold at $17½ ₱ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are mostly limited to Hams at 9@12c, the latter for fancy bagged, and Shoulders at 8½@9c. Green Meats are quiet but quiet, with further sales of Shoulders, in salt, at 5c; Hams at 7@7½c, and do in pickle at 9¼@9½c ₱ lb. Nothing doing in Sides. Lard is firmer, with sales of 600 packages at 10@10½c for bbls and tierces, and 11¼@11½c for kegs. Butter is scarce and high, prices ranging at 15@20c for Penn and Ohio, and 22@24c for New York State, the latter for choice lots. Cheese is also in good demand at 11@13c. Eggs are worth 18c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Prices are 3@4c ₱ lb better since the close of last week; the sales are confined to a few small lots at equal to 53@56c for Middling quality, cash.

ASHES are unchanged, and a small business doing in Pots and Pearls.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and the sales are limited at $35 for 1st No 1. Of Tanners' Bark sales are reported at $14 for Chestnut, and $18 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX continues in request at 45@46c ₱ lb.

COAL—Orders come in freely, and the demand both for shipment and home use is good at fully former rates.

COFFEE is quiet. The stock is very much reduced, and the demand limited; sales of 400 bags in small lots, mostly Rio, at 30@31c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER continues dull, and for Yellow Metal prices are unchanged.

FEATHERS sell slowly at 46@47c ₱ lb for Western.

FRUIT—In Fruit we hear of nothing doing, the demand for Dried Fruit being about over.

HAY is selling at 85@95c the 100 lbs.

HEMP continues dull and neglected.

HOPS sell slowly, and prices range at 18@24c ₱ lb for eastern and western.

IRON—There is a limited business doing in Pig Metal at $23@23.50 for the three numbers. Manufactured Iron is steady, with a fair demand for rails.

LEAD—The market is quiet, sales of Galena at 9c ₱ lb.

LUMBER is unchanged, with moderate receipts, and sales of white pine Boards at $23@ 24, yellow do $20@22. Lehigh Boards at $12@ 15, Scantling $10@11, and white pine Shingles at $1.80@2.4 ₱ M. Laths are quoted at $1.40@ 1.50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES continues firm, with sales of Trinidad at 43c, and some Porto Rico at 50c, on time.

PLASTER is dull and lower, and sales are reported at $4 ₱ ton, to arrive.

RICE—The market is inactive, prices of Rangoon ranging at 8¾@8¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is less demand for Clover-seed, and a few small sales are reported at $5 for common, and $5.50@5.75 ₱ bus for good and prime lots. Timothy is nominal at $1.90@ 1.75. Flaxseed is dull. A sale of the latter was made at $2.50 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells as wanted at 65@ 66c. Whiskey continues dull and neglected, bbls selling in lots at 45c@45½c, and Drudge at 43@44c.

SUGARS are more active and 1/16@¼c better, with sales of 1200 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 9½@ 11¾c, including some Porto Rico at 11¾@12¾c, and New Orleans at 11@12c, on the usual credit. A sale of box Sugar was made at 11¾c ₱ lb.

TALLOW—City is held at 11¼@11¾c ₱ lb, with limited sales.

TOBACCO continues neglected and dull.

WOOL—The new clip is about coming in, sales of about 100,000 lbs domestic fleece are reported at 70@72c for low and medium quality, and some tub at 73@76c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1221 head. The prices realized were from 9 to 13 c. ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 5½ to 6¢ ₱ lb gross. 460 Hogs at from $7.00 to 7.50 ₱ cwt net.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

Washington, June 8—[Special to the New York Herald.]—The General Division of the Sixth Army Corps crossed the Rappahannock at noon yesterday on the pontoon bridges, laid by a detachment of the engineer corps. The object appears to have been to ascertain the whereabouts of a portion of Lee's army, and was successfully accomplished. The rebel rifle pits were carried by assault and about a hundred prisoners taken. The crossing was effected at a point near Deep Run, one mile below Fredericksburg.

From Vicksburg.

Cincinnati, June 7.—A budget of dispatches from Pemberton to Johnston was captured on Tuesday. The document reads: "Forage all gone. Can hold out ten days. Can hold out ten days."

On the 4th inst. General Grant ordered every gun in position to thunder shot into Vicksburg. In one hour 6,000 were safely lodged in the city.

The rebels burned the wreck of the gunboat Cincinnati on Friday.

The fire in Vicksburg on Monday night was caused by the explosion of our shells. One whole side of Washington square was destroyed.

The planting of the siege guns is progressing, and it was the intention to open them the whole line on Wednesday.

The Attack on Port Hudson.

The attack of our forces upon Port Hudson began on the 27th ult., and the fighting was furious. A number of batteries were carried. Gen. Sherman was wounded, and brigade commanders Chapin and Nickerson believed to be killed. Our losses so far will amount to between two and four thousand—a negro regiment lost six hundred killed in a charge on the enemy's works.

A REMINISCENCE.

The Washington correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican relates the following:—

Speaking of Mr. Lincoln reminds me of an anecdote which Mr. Chittenden, of Vermont, the Register of the Treasury, told at an outdoor meeting the other night. He remarked that he would state one fact in connection with his experience in this city, which he believed had never yet been made public. His first visit to Washington was perhaps an unfortunate one. He was a delegate from the state of Vermont to the peace conference which met in this city in the month of February, 1860, upon the invitation of the Governor of Virginia. In that convention he happened to form the acquaintance of James B. Clay, of Kentucky, William A. Sedden, of Virginia, (the present rebel Secretary of War) Governor Morehead, of Kentucky, (who is now a fugitive, and he hoped he would always be until he repented,) and others. His seat was near those gentlemen. One day, while sitting with them, a servant from Willard's Hotel entered and handed a card to Mr. Sedden, who sat near Mr. Chittenden. He did not know what was on the card, but it was passed around from one to the other in such a manner that he could not help but see what was written on it. On the card was written these words: "Lincoln is in Washington." He never saw such confusion made by a small piece of card before. They looked at each other with amazement. At last Waldo P. Johnson, afterwards a Senator from Missouri, who could control himself no longer, exclaimed with vehemence, "How the devil did he get through Baltimore?"

☞ Interesting conversation between soldiers, on opposite sides of the Rappahannock: Reb.—"Where's Gen. Hooker gone?", Yankee (who happened to be one of the Brooklyn Fourteenth).—"Gone to attend Stonewall Jackson's funeral." This being a little hard on Secesh, he shouts out again—"Has the Eleventh Corps stopped running yet?" "Oh, yes, they were hailed just after taking down your *Stonewall*. By the way, don't you want our *Stone-man* to 'set him up' again?"

☞ In a long list of heroes before the mast, who have just received medals of honor for gallant conduct in the attack upon New Orleans and other actions, is the following, which deserves to be coupled with the achievement of John Davis, the man who sat upon the powder barrel in one of the North Carolina sea fights, and who also has a medal: "J. F. Frisbee, gunner's mate, on board Pinola. Berth deck on fire, he instantly closed the magazine and remained inside."

☞ Humphrey Marshall, has been arrested and sent to Richmond on charges of disloyalty and treason to the rebel Confederacy.

☞ At one of the largest tin and copper mines in West Cornwall, England, lately, while nine men and a boy were ascending to the surface in a tram-wagon, the chain broke when they had nearly reached the top, and they were hurled down the incline at an ever-increasing velocity, to the bottom of the shaft, and every one killed on the spot.

☞ Brigadier General Birney, of Philadelphia, has been commissioned a Major-General, and ordered to take command of General Hooker's old division, commanded during the late battle by General Berry, who was killed.

☞ It is stated that there are yet over 60,000 deserters from the army, who have not heeded the President's proclamation to return to their duty. They will all be caught by the Provost Marshals when the enrollment is completed. There will be no escape for them.

☞ A man of great "singleness of purpose"—an old bachelor.

☞ The Portland Advertiser, in noticing the case of an idiotic boy named Archibald, who murdered a boy in the alms-house in that city, says: "It is a fact should be known, that the parents of this boy have had twenty-one children, all of whom were imbeciles, and this, again, owing to the fact that they were own cousins." (Perhaps.)

MAY-DAY SONG.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

This sweet month of May is the first of May,—
All the streets are populous and gay,—
Come, my dear dog, wake and come away!

There are daffodils in the grass,—
Every peach tree in a bloomy mass;
Hasty with sweet scents the breezes pass.

Come! a fairer morning never smiled;
All the sky, how bright,—the air how mild!
Come away, my pleasant summer-child!

But among the mothers we shall meet,
Pausing oft, to fever little feet,
None will be so blest as I, my sweet!

None among the children is so fair
As my baby, with her golden hair
Like the aureoles the angels wear.

Come! bright faces all the foot-ways throng—
From the branches falls the sparrow's song—
Oh, my darling, wherefore sleep so long?

Fade the sun, the smile, the cheerful hum,
And my chilled heart, sinking faint and dumb,
Asks no longer why she does not come.

I remember. In a quiet place
Far away, where pine boughs interlace,
Sleeps my baby, with her white-rose face.

All the mothers are abroad to-day,
Guiding tiny feet along the way—
Crowning tender brows with garlands gay.

Only I, in lonesome, dull despair,
Make no chaplet for my babe to wear,
Drop no kisses on her shining hair.

Infant eyes, so full of love and trust
Stab me like a sudden dagger-thrust—
Oh, my baby, sleeping in the dust!

Never more will her fair head be pressed,
Cherished with kisses, on my pillowing breast,—
Gone, so soon, to share her father's rest.

Let the May-days fade, the May blooms fall;—
None of those I love may hear my call—
Oh, my darlings! I have lost you all!

—*Portland Transcript.*

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIKE THE MEMORY OF A DREAM.

Mrs. Darrell drove away from Tolldale Priory late in the afternoon, and in a very despondent state of mind. She had done no good by her visit to Woodlands, and it seemed painfully probable that she had done a great deal of harm; for the unfortunate accident of a resemblance between Laura Mason's companion and the late George Vane had stirred up the memories of the past in that turbid stream, the old man's mind. The widow scarcely opened her lips during the homeward drive. She would fain have punished Eleanor for that unhappy chance by which she happened to resemble the dead man, and she had not failed to remark unpleasantly upon Miss Vane's conduct at Woodlands.

"One would really think you wished to trade upon your likeness to Mr. Vane, and to insinuate yourself into my uncle's good graces, Miss Vincent," the widow said, rather sharply.

Eleanor blushed crimson, but did not attempt to reply to her employer's bitter speech. The falsehood of an assumed name was perpetually placing her in positions against which her truthful nature revolted.

If Mrs. Darrell had been free to dismiss Eleanor Vane, she would doubtless have done so, for the girl's presence had now become a source of alarm to her. There were two reasons for this sentiment of alarm. First, the likeness which Maurice de Crespigny had discovered between Eleanor and his dead friend, and which might prompt him at any moment to some capricious fancy for the girl; and, secondly, the fact that Eleanor's beauty and fascinations might not be without their effect upon Launcelot Darrell.

The widow knew by cruel experience that her son was not a man to surrender his lightest caprice at the entreaty of another. At seven-and-twenty years of age he was as much a spoiled child as he had been at seven. Ellen Darrell looked back at the bitter trials of the past, and remembered how hard it had been to keep her son true even to his own interests. Selfish and self-willed, he had taken his own way; always relying upon his handsome face, his shallow versatility, his showy accomplishments, to carry him through every difficulty, and get him out of every dilemma; always eager for the enjoyment of the present hour, and reckless as to any penalties to be paid in the future.

Mrs. Darrell had concentrated every feeling of her heart into one passion; her love for this young man. Frigid and reserved to others, with him she was impulsive, vehement, spontaneous, ready to pour out her heart's blood at his feet, if he had needed such an evidence of her devotion. For him she was jealous and exacting; harsh to others; desperate and unforgiving to those whom she thought his enemies.

For Launcelot she was anxious and ambitious. The hope that her uncle Maurice would leave his fortune to the young man, or, on the other hand, would die without a will, thus leaving Launcelot to succeed as heir-at-law, never entirely deserted her. But, even if that hope should fail, her sisters were elderly women like herself. If they succeeded in cajoling Maurice de Crespigny out of his fortune, they must surely eventually leave it to their only nephew, Launcelot. This was how the widow reasoned. But there was another chance which she fancied she saw for her son's advancement Laura Mason, the heiress, evidently admired the young man's handsome face and dashing manners. What more likely than that Launcelot might succeed in winning the hand and fortune of that capricious young lady?

Under these circumstances Mrs. Darrell would have been very glad to have removed Eleanor Vane out of her son's way; but this was not easily to be done. When the widow sounded Laura Mason upon the subject, and dimly suggested the necessity of parting with Eleanor, the heiress burst into a flood of tears, and declared passionately that she would not live without her darling Nelly; and when Mrs. Darrell went even further than this, and touched upon the subject in a conversation with Mr. Monckton, the lawyer replied very decidedly that he considered Miss Vincent's companionship of great benefit to his ward, and that he could not hear of any arrangement by which the two girls would be separated.

Mrs. Darrell, therefore, could do nothing but submit, in the hope that for once her son might consent to be governed by his interests, rather than by those erratic impulses which had led him in the reckless and riotous days of his early youth.

She pleaded with him, entreating him to be prudent and thoughtful for the future.

"You have suffered so much from poverty, Launcelot," she urged, "that surely you will lose no opportunity of improving your position. Look back, my boy; remember that bitter time in which you were lost to me, led away by low and vicious companions, and only appealing to me when you found yourself in debt and difficulty. Think of your Indian life and the years you have wasted, you who are so clever and accomplished, and who ought to have been so fortunate. Oh, Launcelot, if you knew what a bitter thing it is to a mother to see her idolised child waste every opportunity of winning the advancement which should be his by right—yes, by right, Launcelot, by the right of your talents. I never reproached you, my boy, for coming home to me penniless. Were you to return to me twenty times, as you came back that night, you would always find the same welcome, the same affection. My love for you will never change, my darling, till I go to my grave. But I suffer very bitterly when I think of your wasted youth. You must be rich, Launcelot; you cannot afford to be poor. There are some men to whom poverty seems a spur that drives them on to greatness, but it has clogged your footsteps, and held you back from the fame you might have won."

"Egad, so it has, mother," the young man answered, bitterly; "a shabby coat paralyses a man's arm, to my mind, and it is not very easy for a fellow to hold his head very high when the nap's all worn off his hat. But I don't mean to sit down to a life of idleness, I can tell you, mother; I shall turn painter. You know I've got on with my painting pretty well during the last few years."

"I'm glad of that, my dear boy. You had plenty of time to devote to your painting, then?"

"Plenty of time; oh, yes, I was pretty well off for that matter."

"Then you were not so hard worked in India?"

"Not always. That depended upon circumstances," the young man answered, indifferently. "Yes, mother, I shall turn painter, and try and make a fortune out of my brush."

Mrs. Darrell sighed. She wished to see her son made rich by a quicker road than the slow and toilsome pathway by which an artist reaches fortune.

"If you could make a wealthy marriage, Launcelot," she said, "you might afford to devote yourself to art, without having to endure the torturing anxieties which must be suffered by a man who has only his profession to depend upon. I wouldn't for the world wish you to sell yourself for money, for I know the wretchedness of a really mercenary marriage; but if—"

The young man flung back the dark hair from his forehead, and smiled at his mother as he interrupted her.

"If I should fall in love with this Miss Laura Mason, who, according to your account, is to have a power of money one of these days, I should prove myself a wise man. That's what you mean, isn't it, *madre mia*? Well, I'll do my best. The young lady is pretty, but her childishness is positively *inapayable*. What's the amount of the fortune that is to counterbalance so much empty-headed frivolity? Eh, mother?"

"I can't quite answer that question, Launcelot. I only know that Mr. Monckton told me Laura will be very rich."

"And Gilbert Monckton, although a lawyer, is one of those uncompromising personages who never tell a lie. Well, mother, we'll see about it; I can't say anything more than that."

The young man had been standing before his easel with his palette and brushes in his hand during this conversation, now and then putting a touch here and there into a picture that he had been working at since his return. He had taken up his abode in his old apartments. His mother spent a good deal of her time with him; sitting at needlework by the open window, while he painted; listening while, in his idler moments, he sat at the piano, composing a few bars of a waltz, or trying to recall some song that he had written long ago; always following him with watchful and admiring eyes, shadowed only by the mother's anxiety for her son's future.

Launcelot Darrell did not seem to be altogether a bad young man. He accepted his mother's love with something of that indolent selfishness common to those spoiled children of fortune upon whom an extra share of maternal devotion has been lavished. He absorbed the widow's affection, and gave her in return an easy-going, graceful attention, which satisfied the unselfish woman, and demanded neither trouble nor sacrifice from the young man himself.

"Now, if the wealthy heiress were the poor companion, mother," Mr. Darrell said, presently, working away with his brush as he spoke, "your scheme would be charming. Eleanor Vincent is a glorious girl; a little bit of a spitfire, I should think, quiet and gentle as she is with us; but a splendid girl; just the sort of wife for an indolent man; a wife who would rouse him out of his lethargy and drive him on to distinction."

Yes, Launcelot Darrell, who had never in his life resisted any temptation, or accepted any guidance except that of his own wishes, was led by them now, and, instead of devoting himself to the young heiress, chose to fall desperately in love with her fair-haired companion. He fell in love with Eleanor Vane; desperately, after his own fashion. I doubt if there was any great intensity in the young man's desperation, for I do not believe that he was capable of any real depth of feeling. There was a kind of hollow, tinselly fervor in his nature which took the place of true passion. It may be that with him all emotions—love and remorse, penitence, pity, regret, hate, anger, and revenge—were true and real so long as they lasted; but all these sentiments were so short-lived, by reason of the fickleness of his mind, that it was almost difficult to believe even in their temporary truth.

But Eleanor Vane, being very young and inexperienced, had no power of analyzing the character of her lover. She only knew that he was handsome, accomplished, and clever; that he loved her, and that it was very agreeable to be loved by him.

I do not believe that she returned the young man's affection. She was like a child upon the threshold of a new world; bewildered and dazzled by the glorious aspect of the unknown region before her; beguiled and delighted by its beauty and novelty. All the darker aspects of the great passion were unknown to her, and undreamed of by her. She only knew that in the blank horizon that had so long bounded her life, a new star had arisen—a bright and wonderful planet, which for a while displaced the lurid light that had so long shone steadfastly across the darkness.

Eleanor Vane yielded herself up to the brief holiday-time which generally comes once in almost every woman's life, however desolate and joyless the rest of that life may be. The holiday comes—a fleeting summer of gladness and rejoicing. The earth lights up under a new sun and moon; the flowers bloom into new colors and scatter new perfumes on the sublimated atmosphere; the waters of the commonest rivers change to melted sapphires, and blaze with the splendor of a million jewels in the sunshine. The dull universe changes to fairy-land; but, alas! the holiday-time is very short; the children grow tired of paradise, or are summoned back to school; the sun and moon collapse into commonplace luminaries, the flowers fade into every-day blossoms, the river flows a gray stream under a November sky, and the dream is over.

Launcelot Darrell had been little more than a fortnight at Hazlewood, when he declared his love for Miss Mason's companion. The young people had been a great deal together in that fortnight; wandering in the grassy lanes about Hazlewood, and in the shadowy woods round Tolldale Priory, or on breezy hills high above the lawyer's sheltered mansion. In hope of an alliance between Launcelot and Gilbert Monckton's ward, Mrs. Darrell was obliged to submit to the necessity which threw her son very much into the society of the companion as well as of the heiress.

"He will surely never be so foolish as to thwart my plan for his future," thought the anxious mother. "Surely, surely, he will consent to be guided by his own interests. Gilbert Monckton must know that it is only likely an attachment may arise between Launcelot and Laura. He would not leave the girl with me unless he were resigned to such an event, and ready to give his consent to their marriage. My son is poor, certainly; but the lawyer knows that he is likely to inherit a great fortune."

While the mother pondered thus over her son's chances of advancement, the young man took life very easily; spending his mornings at his easel, but by no means over exerting himself, and dawdling away his afternoons in rustic rambles with the two girls.

Laura Mason was very happy in the society of this new and brilliant companion. She was bewitched and fascinated by Mr. Darrell's careless talk, which sounded very witty, very profound, sarcastic, and eloquent in the ears of an ignorant girl. She admired him and fell in love with him, and wearied poor Eleanor with her very unreserved rhapsodies about the object of her affection.

"I know its very bold, and wicked, and horrid, to fall in love with anybody before they fall in love with one, you know, Eleanor," the young lady said in not very elegant English, "but he is so handsome and so clever. I don't think any one in the world could help loving him.

"'I have no hope in loving thee,
I only ask to love;
I *her*-rood upon my silent heart,
As on its nest a dove;'"

added Miss Mason, quoting that favorite poet of all desponding lovers, poor L. E. L.

I think Mr. Monckton's ward rather enjoyed the hopelessness of her attachment. The brooding upon her silent heart was scarcely an accurate expression of her conduct, as she talked reams of sentiment to Eleanor upon the subject of her unrequited affection. Miss Vane was patient and tender with her, listening to her foolish talk, and dreading the coming of that hour in which the childish young beauty must be rudely awakened from her rose-colored dream.

"I don't want to marry him, you know, Eleanor," the young lady said; "I only want to be allowed to love him. You remember the German story in which the Knight watches the widow of his lost love's convent-cell. I could live for ever and ever near him; and be content to see him sometimes; or to hear his voice, even if I did not see him. I should like to wear boy's clothes, and be his page, like Viola, and tell him my own story, you know, some day."

Eleanor remembered her promise to Gilbert Monckton, and tried sometimes to check the torrent of sentimental talk.

"I know your love is very poetical, and I dare say it's very true, my pet," she said; "but do you think Mr. Darrell is quite worth all this waste of affection? I sometimes think, Laura, dear, that we commit a sin when we waste our best feelings. Suppose by-and-by you should meet some one quite as worthy of your love as Launcelot Darrell; some one who would love you very devotedly; don't you think you would look back and regret having lavished your best and freshest feelings upon a person who—"

"Who doesn't care a straw for me," cried the heiress, half crying. "That's what you mean, Eleanor Vincent. You mean to insinuate that Launcelot doesn't care for me. You are a cruel, heartless girl, and you don't love me a bit."

And the young lady bemoaned her disappointment, and wept over the hardships of her lot, very much as she might have cried for any new plaything a few years before.

It was upon a burning August morning that Launcelot Darrell declared himself to Eleanor Vane. The two girls had been sitting to him for a picture—Eleanor as Rosalind, and Laura as Celia—a pretty feminine group. Rosalind in her womanly robes, and not her forester's dress of gray and green; for the painter had chosen the scene in which Celia promises to share her cousin's exile.

This picture was to be exhibited at the Academy, and was to make Mr. Darrell's fortune. Laura had been called from the room to attend to some important business with a dressmaker from Windsor, and Eleanor and Launcelot were alone.

The young man went on painting for some time, and then, throwing down his brush with a gesture of impatience, went over to the window near which Eleanor sat on a raised platform covered with a shabby drapery of red baize.

"Do you think the picture will be a success, Miss Vincent?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I think so, and hope so; but I am no judge, you know."

"Your judgment must be as good as the public judgment, I should think," Launcelot Darrell answered, rather impatiently. "The critics will try to write me down, I dare say, but I don't look to the critics to buy my picture. They'll call me crude and meretricious, and hard and cold, and thin and gray, I've no doubt; but the best picture, to my mind, is the picture that sells best, eh, Miss Vincent?"

Eleanor lifted her arched eyebrows with a look of surprise; this very low view of the question rather jarred upon her sense of the dignity of art.

"I suppose you think my sentiments very mercenary and contemptible, Miss Vincent," said the painter, interpreting the expression of her face; "but I have lived out the romance of my life, or one part of that romance, at any rate, and have no very ardent aspiration after greatness in the abstract. I want to earn money. The need of money drives men into almost every folly; further, sometimes into follies that touch upon the verge of crime."

The young man's face darkened suddenly as he spoke, and he was silent for a few moments, not looking at his companion, but away out of the window into vacancy, as it seemed.

The memory of Gilbert Monckton's words flashed back upon Eleanor's mind. "There is a secret in Launcelot Darrell's life," the lawyer had said; "a secret connected with his Indian experience." Was he thinking of that secret now, Eleanor wondered. But the painter's face brightened almost as suddenly as it had been overshadowed. He flung back his head with an impetuous gesture. It seemed almost as if he had cast some imaginary burden from off his shoulders by the same sudden movement.

"I want to earn money, Miss Vincent," he said. "Art in the abstract is very grand, no doubt. I quite believe in the man who stabbed his model in order to get the death agony for his picture of the Crucifixion; but I must make art subservient to my own necessities. I must earn money for myself and my wife, Eleanor. I might marry a rich woman, perhaps, but I want to marry a poor one. Do you think the girl I love will listen to me, Eleanor? Do you think she will accept the doubtful future I can offer her? Do you think she will be brave enough to share the fortunes of a struggling man?"

Nothing could be more heroic than the tone in which Launcelot Darrell spoke. He had the air of a man who means to strive, with the sturdy devotion of a martyr, to win the end of his ambition, rather than that of a sanguine but vacillating young gentleman who would be ready to fling himself down under the influence of the first moment of despondency, and live upon the proceeds of the pawning of his watch, while his unfinished picture rotted upon the canvas.

He had something of George Vane's nature, perhaps; that fatally hopeful temperament common to men who are for ever going to do great things, and for ever failing to achieve even the smallest. He was one of those men who are perpetually deluding other people by the force of their power of self-delusion.

Self-deluded and mistaken now, it was scarcely strange if he deceived Eleanor Vane, who was carried away by the impetuous torrent of words in which he told her that he loved her, and that the future happiness of his life depended upon the fiat which must issue from her lips.

Only very faltering accents came from those tremulous lips. Miss Vane was not in love; she was bewildered, and perhaps a little bewitched by the painter's vehemence. He was the first young, elegant, handsome, and accomplished man with whom she had ever been thrown much in contact. It is scarcely wonderful, then, if this inexperienced girl of eighteen was a little influenced by the ardor of his admiration—by the eloquence of his wild talk.

She had risen from her seat in her agitation, and stood with her back to the sunlit window, trembling and blushing before her lover.

Launcelot Darrell was not slow to draw a flattering inference from these signs of womanly confusion.

"You love me, Eleanor," he said; "yes, you love me. You think, perhaps, my mother would oppose our marriage. You don't know me, dearest, if you can believe I would suffer any opposition to come between me and my love. I am ready to make any sacrifice for your sake, Eleanor. Only tell me that you love me, and I shall have a new purpose in life; a new motive for exertion."

Mr. Darrell held the girl's two hands clasped in both his own, as he pleaded thus, using hackneyed phrases with a vehement earnestness that gave new life to the old words. His face was close to Eleanor's, with the broad light of the sunny summer sky full upon it. Some sudden fancy—some vague idea, dim and indistinct as the faint memory of some dream whose details we strive vainly to recall—flashed into the mind of George Vane's orphan daughter as she looked into her lover's black eyes. She recoiled from him a little; her eyebrows contracted into a slight frown; her blushes faded out with the effort which she made to seize upon and analyze that sudden fancy. But her effort was vain: transient as a gleam of summer lightning, the thought had flashed across her brain, only to melt utterly away.

While she was still trying to recall that last idea, while Launcelot Darrell was still pleading for an answer to his suit, the door of the painting-room was pushed open—It had been left ajar by volatile Miss Mason, most likely, and the widow entered, pale, stern, and sorrowful-looking.

CHAPTER XX.

RECOGNITION.

"I thought Laura was with you," Mrs. Darrell said, rather sharply, as she scrutinized Eleanor's face with no very friendly eyes.

"She was with us until a few minutes ago," Launcelot answered carelessly; "but she was called away to see a milliner or a dressmaker, or some such important personage in the feminine decorative art line. I don't believe that young lady's soul ever soars above laces and ribbons, and all those miscellaneous fripperies which women dignify by the generic title of their things!"

Mrs. Darrell frowned darkly at her son's contemptuous allusion to the heiress.

"Laura Mason is a very amiable and accomplished girl," she said.

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and took up his palette and brushes.

"Will you settle yourself once more in the Rosalind attitude, Miss Vincent?" he said. "I suppose our volatile Celia will be back presently."

"Will you go and look for her, Launcelot?" interposed Mrs. Darrell, "I want to speak to Miss Vincent."

Launcelot Darrell threw down his brushes and turned suddenly towards his mother with a look of angry defiance in his face.

"What have you to say to Miss Vincent that you can't say before me?" he asked.

"What do you mean, mother, by breaking in upon us like this, and scowling at us as if we were a couple of conspirators."

Mrs. Darrell drew herself to her fullest height, and looked half sternly, half contemptuously at her son. His nature, in every quality weaker and meaner than her own, prompted him to shrink from any open contest with her. Dearly as she loved this selfish, handsome scapegrace, there were times in which her better sense revolted against the weakness of her affection; and at such times Launcelot Darrell was frightened of his mother.

"I have a great deal to say to Miss Vincent," the widow answered, gravely. "If you refuse to leave us together, I have no doubt Miss Vincent will have the good taste to come elsewhere with me."

Eleanor looked up startled and bewildered by the suppressed passion in the widow's tone.

"I will come with you anywhere, Mrs. Darrell," she said, "if you wish to speak to me."

"Come this way, then."

Mrs. Darrell swept out of the room, and Eleanor followed her, before the young man had any opportunity for remonstrance. The widow led the way to the pretty chamber in which Miss Vane slept, and the two women went in together, Mrs. Darrell shutting the door behind her.

"Miss Vincent," she said, taking Eleanor's hand in her own, "I am going to appeal to you more frankly than one woman often appeals to another. I might diplomatise and plot against you, but I am not base enough for that; though, I dare say, I could stoop to a good deal that is despicable for the sake of my son. And, again, I have so good an opinion of you that I think candor will be the wisest policy. My son has asked you to be his wife."

"Madam," stammered Eleanor, looking aghast at the pale face which had an almost tragic aspect in its earnestness.

"Yes, I told you just now that I could do despicable things for my son's sake. I was passing the door while Launcelot was talking to you. The door was ajar, you know. I heard a few words, enough to tell me the subject upon which he was speaking; and I stopped to hear more. I listened, Miss Vincent. It was very contemptible, was it not?"

Eleanor was silent. She stood before the widow looking down upon the ground. The color came and went in her face; she was agitated and confused by what had happened; but in all her agitation and confusion the memory of that sudden fancy that had flashed across her brain while Launcelot Darrell talked to her was uppermost in her mind.

"You despise me for my conduct, Miss Vincent," said Mrs. Darrell, reading the meaning of the girl's silence; "but the day may come in which you may experience a mother's anguish; the brooding care, the unceasing watchfulness, the feverish, all-devouring anxiety which only a mother can feel. If that day ever comes, you will be able to forgive me; think mercifully of me. I do not complain of my son; I never have complained of him. But I suffer, I *suffer*. I see him holding no place in the world, despised by prosperous and successful men, with a wasted youth behind him and a blank future before. I love him, but I am not deceived in him. The day for all deception is past. He will never be rich or prosperous by any act of his own. There are but two chances for him: the chance of inheriting my uncle's fortune, or the chance of marrying a rich woman. I speak very frankly, you see, Miss Vincent, and I expect equal candor from you. Do you love my son?"

"Madam—Mrs. Darrell—I—"

"You would not answer him just now; I ask you to answer me. The prosperity of his future life hangs upon your reply. I know that he *might* marry a girl who does love him, and who can bring him a fortune which will place him in the position he ought to occupy. Be generous, Miss Vincent. I ask you to tell me the truth. That is the least you can do. Do you love my son, Launcelot Darrell? Do you love him with your whole heart and soul, as I love him?"

Eleanor lifted her head suddenly, and looked full in the widow's face.

"No, madam," she answered, proudly, "I do not."

"Thank God for that! Even if you had loved him, I would not have shrunk from asking you to sacrifice yourself for his happiness. As it is, I appeal to you without hesitation. Will you leave this place; will you leave me my son, with the chance of planning his future after my own fashion?"

"I will, Mrs. Darrell," Eleanor said, earnestly. "I thought, perhaps, till to-day—I may have fancied that I—I mean that I was flattered by your son's attention, and perhaps believed I—I loved him a little," the girl murmured shyly; "but I know now that I have been mistaken. Perhaps it is the truth and intensity of your love that shows me the shallowness and falsehood of

my own. I remember how I loved my father,"—her eyes filled with tears as she spoke—"and, looking back at my feelings for him, I know that I do not love Mr. Darrell. It will be much better for me to go away. I shall be sorry to leave Laura; sorry to leave Hazlewood, for I have been very happy here—too happy, perhaps. I will write to your son, and tell him that I leave this place of my own free will."

"Thank you, my dear," the widow said, warmly; "my son would be very hard with me if he thought that my influence had been the means of thwarting any whim of his. I know him well enough to know that this sentiment, like every other sentiment of his, will not endure for ever. He will be angry and offended, and wounded by your departure, but he will not break his heart, Miss Vincent."

"Let me go away at once, Mrs. Darrell," said Eleanor; "it will be better for me to go at once. I can return to my friends in London. I have saved some money while I have been with you, and I shall not go back to them penniless."

"You are a generous and noble-hearted girl. It shall be my care to provide you with at least as good a home as you have had here. I am not selfish enough to forget how much I have asked of you."

"And you will let me go at once. I would rather not see Laura, or say good-by to her. We have grown so fond of each other. I never had a sister—that is to say, never a—and Laura has been like one to me. Let me go away quietly without seeing her, Mrs. Darrell. I can write to her from London to say good-by."

"You shall do just as you like, my dear," the widow answered. "I will drive you over to Windsor in time for the four o'clock train, and you will get into town before dark. I must go now and see what my son is doing. If he should suspect—"

"He shall suspect nothing till I am gone," said Eleanor. "It is past one o'clock now, Mrs. Darrell, and I must pack all my things. Will you keep Laura out of my room, please, for if she came here, she'd guess—"

"Yes, yes, I'll go and see—I'll make all arrangements."

Mrs. Darrell hurried out of the room, leaving Eleanor to contemplate the sudden change in her position. The girl dragged one of her trunks out of a recess in the simply-furnished bedchamber, and, sitting down upon it in a half-despondent attitude, reflected on the unlooked-for break in her existence. Once more she was called upon to disunite herself from the past, and begin life anew.

"Am I never to know any rest?" she thought. "I had grown so accustomed to this place. I shall be glad to see the Signora and Richard once more; but Laura, Mr. Monckton,—I wonder whether they will be sorry for me."

By three o'clock in the afternoon, all Eleanor's preparations were completed. Her trunks packed, and handed over to the factotum of the Hazlewood establishment, who was to see them safely despatched by luggage train after the young lady's departure. At three o'clock precisely Miss Vincent took her seat beside Mrs. Darrell in the low basket carriage.

Circumstances had conspired to favor the girl's unnoticed departure from Hazlewood. Laura Mason had been prostrated by the intense strain upon her faculties caused by an hour's interview with her dressmaker, and had flung herself upon the sofa in the drawing-room after sopping up half a pint of eau-de-Cologne on her flimsy handkerchief. Worn out by her exertions, and lulled by the summer heat, the young lady had fallen into a heavy slumber of two or three hours' duration.

Launcelot Darrell had left the house almost immediately after the scene in the painting-room, striding out of the hall without leaving any intimation as to the direction in which he was going, or the probable hour of his return.

Thus it was that the little pony-carriage drove quietly away from the gates of Hazlewood, and Eleanor left the house in which she had lived for upwards of a year without any one caring to question her as to the cause of her departure.

Very few words were said by either Mrs. Darrell or her companion during the drive to Windsor. Eleanor was absorbed in gloomy thought. She did not feel any intense grief at leaving Hazlewood; but some sense of desolation, some despondency at the thought that she was a wanderer on the face of the earth, with no real claim upon any one, no actual right to rest anywhere. They drove into Windsor while she was thinking thus. They had come through the park, and they entered the town by the gateway at the bottom of the hill. They had driven up the hill and were in the principal street below the castle wall, when Mrs. Darrell uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Launcelot!" she said, "and we must pass him to get to the station. There's no help for it."

Eleanor looked up. Yes, before the door of one of the principal hotels stood Mr. Launcelot Darrell, with two other young men. One of these young men was talking to him, but he was paying very little attention. He stood upon the edge of the curbstone, with his back turned to his companion, kicking the pebbles on the road with the toe of his boot, and staring moodily before him.

In that one moment,—in the moment in which the pony-carriage, going at full speed, passed the young man,—the thought which had flashed, so vague and indistinct, so transient and intangible, through the mind of Eleanor Vane that morning, took a new shape, and arose palpable and vivid in her brain.

This man, Launcelot Darrell, was the sulky stranger, who had stood on the Parisian Boulevard, kicking the straws upon the curbstone, and waiting to entrap her father to his ruin. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the Summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we *call* them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He blucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now its everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—There are no dead.

OUT OF THE CLOUDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY LAURA J. ARTER.

CHAPTER I.

My story opens without prelude or comment. A June morning, rich with the sweetness of myriads of flowers; musical with the twitter of birds and hum of bees; bright with the sunlight sprinkled in golden drops over blossom and leaf and tree. A young couple standing by an open window in a large parlor—a man with a stern, intelligent, but homely face; a slight, graceful woman, with a face whose chief loveliness consists in the firmness and goodness written upon it. I shall listen to and record their words.

"You are too proud, Norman! I like pride when it is of the right description, but *your* pride is making you enemies."

Pauline Foster looked steadily into the half angry, half sullen face before her.

"And pray what would you have me be, Miss Foster? A cringing, whining sneak, without self-respect enough to win respect from others? A man ready at all times to dance attendance on the footsteps of the wealthy? Shall I quote love-sick poetry to every sentimental school girl I meet? Shall I hide under a bland exterior the contempt I feel for the silly weakness with which every light-headed fop displays his own shallowness? It may be *your* way of doing, but I scorn deceit, and shall never try to conceal my feelings, let my enemies say what they will. I ask favors of no one—the time may have been when I was foolish enough to have faith in the generosity and forbearance of mankind, but *that* time has passed. I ask nothing of the false-hearted beings who mock at my hopes—I have no thanks to return to a world that has given me nothing but unkindness. I can fight my own way upwards—I defy all the petty hate, all the hollow friendship of those around me. I ask nothing from any one."

"Have you done with your rather lengthy oration, sir? I am impatient for you to drop your stage voice and words awhile, and talk common sense."

She spoke in a clear, steady voice, her cheeks glowing red with indignation. Her companion stood moody and silent, so she went on slowly.

"So you ask nothing from any one? You speak of hate—of hollow friendship—*you* talk of such things when your own heart is filled with bitterness—when you never more than once in your life felt such a thing as a pure, unselfish friendship! Frown if you like, I shall not tremble. So you set yourself up in defiance to the world—there is no one worthy of your consideration? You would no doubt like to see those around you withering beneath your sarcasm! Scorch every one who expresses an interest in your welfare with burning words—motto, sting, cut at random, no difference if people learn to shrink from you; you are all-sufficient, all-wise, all-powerful! Work your way up in the world you profess to despise—no matter if you cruelly crush and trammel loving hearts in the ascent. When you have gained the summit your ambition pointed you to, sit down in your sullen loneliness and wait for happiness to come to you—*wait*, but it will never come. Then you will sneer at the world and its inmates, because your own foolish pride and selfishness have driven all affection from you; never once blaming yourself for the misery that will sit in your heart, despite your efforts to be cynical and indifferent. *What* are you, that you should scorn your fellow men? What have you ever done to make you think persons should come and beg for your friendship? What right have you to suppose that all are cold and false, and hard, because a few persons you have known have fallen below your ideas of perfection? How can you expect kindness, when you give only suspicion and contempt in return? You ask nothing from any one—*my* love has been thrown away then; has fallen upon a hard rock and grown a sickly growth, only to die out for want of nourishment? I am fickle and cold like the rest of them—I—"

"Pauline!"

"Well, sir?"

"Do you wish to drive me quite mad with your bitterness?"

He would have taken her hand, but she snatched it away hastily.

"I would have you be less misanthropical—less egotistical. I would have you purge your heart of the unkindness and selfishness that are gaining possession of you more and more every day. I do not like to speak to you thus, Norman; but you know and I know that as a friend even, I am but doing my duty. I had hoped—oh! how I had hoped, that when you knew how much I loved you, you would drop the dark garments with which you had been clothing yourself and come out into the warmth and sunshine. I have been so proud of you, because you were strong and brave, but now I find you weak and cowardly. Do not start so—it *is* weak and cowardly to roll the burden of your sins upon the shoulders of others; to accuse the world of a hardness that exists only within yourself. Norman, Norman, my heart aches harder and harder as I see the unhappiness you are determined to drag down upon your own head."

The voice lost some of its steadiness then, a tremor ran through the tones, saddening and softening them down. He took her hand in spite of her efforts to withdraw it, and looked down at her tenderly, a world of remorse and anguish written in his face.

"My Pauline, will *you* too forsake me?"

"No, Norman, no! At least not yet. I have hopes that you will come out of this morbid state, and be true to the good that was born a part of you. Only sometimes I almost despair. I almost fear you will become overbearing and proud with me, and *then* I should cease to love you."

"My darling! Can you doubt my love for *you*? If there is anything good within me, you can cultivate it; if there are many things dark and evil, you can reprove them. You would not allow me to finish the sentence I commenced awhile ago. I ask nothing of the world so long as *you* love me. My little monitor, will that do you?"

"It will not do me, sir! You must not depend entirely on me for happiness. I am weak and erring myself, and might fail you in your hour of greatest need. Consider me a dream, a myth, a being blotted out of your existence, and go to work in good earnest to win friends to fill my place. Suppose, sir, I should prove fickle, as many others have done, would it not be wise to have other friends to turn to?"

She said this half playfully, smiling faintly, yet feeling very sad at heart.

"You little teaze! I will not listen to such absurdities—I will not believe you butterfly enough to flirt away and leave me in my grim loneliness, else you had never come to me at all with your precious love."

"I want to be very earnest with you, Norman. No one could honor another more than I honor you for the many difficulties you have met with and overcome. I never forget that you were left a poor little friendless boy, with no one but your mother to love you, and no one to extend a helping hand. I know how you struggled on through it all, turning ever from the evil that beset you on all sides, seeking only after knowledge and goodness. Many may have envied you your powers of perseverance, and mocked at your aspirations, yet you pressed on bravely. For all this, Norman, I love you. But you have no reason to become soured and vain—no cause to elevate yourself above others. There are thousands of men as good and *better* than you, who have fought through greater difficulties, and come out with charitable and loving hearts. You *are* selfish and proud."

She spoke with firmness, her clear gray eyes studying his face intently.

"Is there anything else? Can you not add another to the many charges you have brought up against me? It seems to me, Pauline, you see only my faults, and that you magnify them. You make me out a cold-blooded villain, with a soul corrupted with coldishness and vanity. A combination of errors—you, who are so good, can certainly not love me."

His voice was filled with bitterness.

"Because I know the good that is blended in your character I can love you with all your faults, Norman. I would only ask you to conquer them. For *my* sake you will try, I know."

"I will do anything for your sake, Pauline. But it is hard for me to stoop—"

"I do not ask you to stoop. It is so easy to be kind and pleasant to those around without being like them. To be courteous and forbearing is a debt you owe to the world. You, who have so many faults yourself, should not be so quick to detect them in others."

"I believe you are right, Pauline, as you always are, and I'll *try* to follow your advice."

She glanced up into his eyes quickly and fondly.

"Now you are my own brave Norman again."

"And now you are my tender little blossom—my sweet bud that I am always watching with a jealous eye and worshiping heart."

"You are very nearly handsome now, Norman."

She smiled at him archly, and he caught her up in his arms with passionate and tender words. She released herself and walked across the room.

"It is such a lovely day, Norman, too lovely to spend in the house. Shall we walk?"

"Yes, I should love another stroll through our favorite haunts before I leave you."

She ran to her room and returned prepared for her walk—the beauty of her clear, pale complexion, heightened by the pretty little hat she wore.

"Will I do, Norman?"

He stooped and answered her with a silent caress, drew her arm within his own, and they sauntered slowly up the yellow lane, and into the green woods beyond it. Both were quiet; both silently dreaming of the many happy years they had known each other, and wondering what the future had in store for them.

"I wish the time had come, Pauline, when I could take you to a home of my own. It seems too hard to have to wait and toil for years before I can have you with me for good and for ever. When I think it all over, I almost curse the fate that made me a poor man."

"If you had been a rich one, Norman, I should never have loved you, because you would have had so many other friends, I should not have thought of or felt an interest in you."

"You are a fortune yourself, Pauline—an inexhaustible treasure, though you *are* given to lecturing me, and setting me half crazy with your tantalizing kindness to others. By-the-way, Pauline, do you really like Ned Darlington?"

"Of course I do."

"You do?"

"Yes!"

"That is cool!"

"It is a great blessing to be able to keep cool such a warm day as this."

She looked calm and unconscious.

"Pauline, do you really mean that you like him?"

"I believe I answered you once, sir."

"Then I am to believe what I have heard from the neighboring gossips?"

"As *I* am not in the habit of listening to the petty gossip of the neighborhood, I do not know to what you allude. I would not for the world, however, disturb any settled belief you may have."

"Ned Darlington is an idiot!"

"Thank you for the implied compliment to my good taste. I cannot agree with you though—Mr. Darlington is *not* an idiot. Quite to the contrary."

"Good-by, Pauline."

"Good-by."

"I am going!"

"So I suppose, sir. Have you any message to leave for the family?"

"None."

"Then I will not detain you. Good-by."

He had stopped in the centre of the road, and she walked quietly past him. He stood irresolute for a moment, then turned and walked moodily in the direction they had come. A sudden impulse turned him back before he had taken many steps, and he strode along hastily till he overtook the lady.

"Pauline!"

"Back so soon! Have you forgotten anything?"

"Yes—I forgot to act the gentleman.—Will you forgive me?"

"It is done, but I wish you would be more careful in future. You are always making yourself miserable."

"Let my misery alone for my many sins, will you not? I am so jealous of you though, my Pauline! You are the only one I have to love me; the only one whose love is worth retaining."

"Norman, have you forgotten your mother?"

"My mother—God bless her! No, I never forget, never cease to love her. But I did not think of her when I spoke. Her love seems a portion of myself; something I have felt and known all my life, and without which I should be even worse than I am."

A look of subdued tenderness overspread his face, driving away the darkness and gloom that had filled it.

"Norman, sometimes when I see you as you were a while ago, I think perhaps it would be better to give you up at once than to subject us both to such scenes as these."

"You cannot mean it, Pauline! You surely would not cast me away from you, and leave me to battle alone against the evil passions which beset me?"

"I hope I shall never have to do it both for your sake and mine."

She sighed heavily, and a mist filled her eyes.

"What a brute I am, Pauline, to grieve you so. I shall become better for your sake, little girl, or at least I shall strive to."

The words comforted her, and presently she spoke cheerfully and even gayly of indifferent subjects. When their stroll was ended, and Norman had seen Pauline safely in at the gate, her face was smiling, and his own heart was full of quiet happiness.

CHAPTER II.

The month of Norman Everett's absence had ended, and he was at home again. His mother greeted him with her usual loving welcome, but he was impatient to hasten to Pauline.

After tea, he started to Mr. Foster's. It seemed to him the way had grown longer in his absence, and he thought of a thousand unpleasant things that might have occurred since he last saw Pauline. He had received letters from her, to be sure, but after all, that was not like seeing her. He shut the gate behind him with a nervous bang, and walked hastily up the pathway leading to the house; never heeding the sweet breath of the flowers that thrust themselves almost beneath his feet, not noticing the thousand sparkling stars that threw their clear light down upon him; hearing only the sweet voice of her he loved, as it floated out softly on the heavy air. He did not stop to hear what the song was; whether one of love or sorrow—he did not pause to announce his presence by knock or ring, but stepped impetuously into the parlor.

"My Pauline!"

The words fell in a glad quiver from his lips. Whatever else he may have been, Norman Everett was an earnest and faithful lover.

She sprang up from the instrument at the sound of his voice—a look of embarrassment chasing away the joy that at first filled her face.

"Norman, I am very glad to see you."

There was a slight restraint in her tones, yet there was no doubting the truth of her words, as she gave him her hand. She turned then to a gentleman Norman had not at first seen, and said,

"Mr. Luther, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Everett."

The gentlemen shook hands—Mr. Luther expressed his pleasure at the acquaintance, but Norman's brow clouded, and in his heart he wished Mr. Luther a thousand miles away. That unconscious gentleman resumed his seat; Norman threw himself into an arm-chair, and Pauline did her best to make the conversation flow on easily and naturally.

Mr. Luther talked with ease and grace, yet his language betrayed the deep and earnest thinker; but Norman sat moody, and almost silent—too much chagrined by the unexpected presence of a stranger, to care to make himself entertaining. Pauline saw clearly that he was in one of his repellant moods, yet it was not in her power to help it, so she conversed as gayly and pleasantly as if there were nothing to mar her happiness. To Norman's jealous eyes, she seemed unusually joyous; unusually kind and considerate to Mr. Luther; unusually neglectful of him. So he sat growing angrier every moment; thinking one minute he would go home; the next, that he would not go and leave a clear field to his fascinating rival. That Mr. Luther was a handsome and fascinating man, he had to acknowledge. He could not endure the torture of his own thoughts however, so he rose to go, after making only a short call. He bowed coldly to Mr. Luther, and spoke with restraint to Pauline.

"Miss Foster, can I speak to you one moment?"

She smiled pleasantly—excused herself to Mr. Luther, and left the room with Norman, accompanying him to the hall door.

"Well, Norman, what is it? Are you very glad to see me again?"

She spoke playfully, even tenderly.

"*Who* is Mr. Luther?"

"A *gentleman*, or he would not be my friend." There was a tone of resentfulness in her voice.

"Then he *is* a friend of yours? A piece of perfection no doubt. A pattern of good breeding, possessing only amiable and generous traits of character?"

"Yes—you could not have drawn a more perfect likeness of him. He is a man who would not so far forget himself, as to be jealous of every stranger he should meet. A man with too much good breeding, to sit and sulk through a whole evening, without even a shadow of an excuse. Is there any other information I can give you?"

Norman hesitated—her answer was not what he had expected.

"Pauline, I deserve your censure I know, but I wanted so much to spend the evening alone with you, after not seeing you for such a long time. The presence of Mr. Luther provoked me so much I could not make myself agreeable. Perhaps if I did not love you so much, I should not be so jealous of you."

He leaned down and touched her white brow with his lips.

"A poor excuse, Norman—one that I can accept because I understand you, but which will not do for others. But you shall not keep me longer; Mr. Luther will wonder at my absence."

"Mr. Luther be hanged! Are you in love with him, Pauline; does he love you?"

"You are unreasonable to-night, Norman, and it would do no good to answer you. Mr. Luther leaves in the morning; came over in the afternoon, and I will tell you all about it. Good-night, dear!"

She ran through the hall into the parlor, and Norman stalked with down cast eyes down the path. There was nothing to do, but to wait till the morrow, yet he chafed at the delay.

The afternoon came; clear and beautiful. A soft mist of gold seemed to be floating in the air; purple and silver clouds dipped down almost to the tree tops; birds chirped softly in the heavy foliage; a little stream glinted along almost at Norman's feet, but it might as well have been miles away, for any pleasure it gave to him.

Pauline met him at the gate; joy beaming from her face, in spite of her efforts to look severe.

"Oh! Norman, I have missed you so much, since you left me. Are you glad to be at home again?"

"Very! so glad that I feel as if I should never leave it again. So my Pauline missed me—my dear girl was lonely when I was gone? How glad I am—nothing else could make me half so happy."

All suspicion and anger vanished; he was gentle and tender as a girl. Pauline was quietly happy, yet the remembrance of the past evening was not obliterated. She was very lovely that afternoon; to Norman's partial eyes she was half divine. Her brown hair fell in luxuriant curls around her fair shoulders, and was adorned with fern leaves and white rose-buds. Her dress was a pale blue crape, made in full puffs, the corsage trimmed with flutings of lace and ribbon.

She saw Norman's glance of admiration, and looked up at him with a saucy smile.

"Don't I look well, Norman? I wore this dress to the party I attended at N——on the night of the fourth. You never saw me in an evening dress before, did you? If you wouldn't be so cross, and would go with me to parties—"

"To make every one open their eyes at Pauline Foster's taste, to hear folks pity you for being so foolish as to admire a homely, penniless man! To have the young ladies patronize me for your sake, and the gentlemen snub me for the same reason? To either make a smiling, bobbing fool of myself, or sit in some corner in sullen defiance? A pleasant evening it would be for me, no doubt! No, I should love to see you enjoy yourself, but I have no desire to participate."

A sickly smile passed over his face, yet he was in earnest Pauline knew.

"It wouldn't be half so bad as you think, Norman. I should like to see any one dare to slight you!" the small form growing more erect, the gray eyes flashing defiantly.

"So that you could defend me publicly, and be sneered at for your pains the moment your back was turned? No, no, Pauline, I am happier at home. Let us talk of it no longer."

They strolled from the yard into the orchard; the long blue grass yielding to their feet; the breath of the flowers floating from the garden; the trees drooping with their weight of unripe fruit. They paused under a pear tree, where a few threads of sunshine tangled themselves up into knots and fell in golden balls on the ground. Both stood silent and thoughtful. Norman broke the silence.

"Pauline, you have forgotten to tell me about Mr. Luther!"

There was no command in his voice then as there had been the night before.

"There is not much to be told, Norman." She spoke carelessly, but the scarlet rush to her cheeks contradicted her words, and Norman's jealous eyes were on the alert.

"You will tell me at any rate," he said, looking pitilessly into her face.

"I have known Mr. Luther ever since last winter. I met him when I was visiting my sister at Pittsburg. I thought him pleasant and intelligent—nothing more. He visited me frequently; so did many other of my gentlemen friends, and I thought nothing of it. When I left Pittsburg he asked permission to correspond, but I excused myself, and had almost forgotten all about it, when I met him at the party the other night. He asked permission to visit me, and I granted it, rather pleased at the prospect of having an agreeable companion to while away the time. Last night—well—that is about all!"

She blushed a deeper red, and turned her glowing face from Norman's searching gaze.

"There is something else, Pauline. What is it?" He spoke coldly.

"I wish you would not be so inquisitive and suspicious. Mr. Luther asked me to marry him last night. There! that *is* all."

"And you?"

"I pained him. Does that satisfy you?"

"No. What right had he to suppose you would listen to him unless you had given him some hope?"

"You have gone quite far enough, Norman Bennett. I will not allow even you to accuse me of trifling with the feelings of a true and noble man."

Her eyes flashed with indignation, her voice was high and clear.

"He is wealthy, is he not?"

"Yes."

"And handsome and generous and talented?"

"Yes—why do you ask?"

"And I am poor and homely and jealous! Why did you not accept him? You may regret it!"

"I shall probably have good reason to before my life is over.

She said this half angrily, half seriously.

"It is not too late yet."

"No."

"Pauline, do you love him?"

"If I did, I should not be standing here with you now, listening to your uncalled for bitterness. I respect him, more than—than I shall respect you if you go on in this way much longer."

She turned away from him and stood looking afar off at the blue sky, wondering in her inmost heart if it would not have been better had she accepted Mr. Luther's offer than to go through life in such a continual struggle and storm. Mr. Luther would have been kind to her—life would have been a long, sunny dream, unflecked with cares or clouds, so far as he was capable of making it so. But Norman—she shuddered to find herself drawing comparisons between the two. With Norman she would have many trials to overcome, many hardships to endure—his irritable moods to contend with continually. She banished the thought—he had forced them upon her himself.

He came up to her and took her hand gently.

"Pauline, I am wrong as usual. I had no right to wound your feelings, when you had only acted nobly. Pardon me!"

She smiled sorrowfully.

"I forgive you again, Norman, but do not try me too far."

They returned to the house slowly, and the remainder of the evening passed off so joyously they could scarcely tell where the hours had gone.

CHAPTER III.

The latter part of September, found Pauline in Pittsburg, with her married sister. She went into society very often, and was universally admired and respected. Norman Everett was in Cincinnati, attending lectures preparatory to commencing his profession as a physician. With a jealous pang at his heart, he heard of the homage paid to Pauline, and he grew to wondering if she would not forget him; learn to look upon their engagement as a drawback to greater happiness. He was moody, irritable and miserable. He made few friends—he was so cold and reserved that few ventured to be sociable with him, and the few soon dropped off. Yet he never thought to blame himself for his isolation; attributed it rather to his want of wealth and personal charms.

Pauline wrote to him quite often, and to some extent her letters soothed and cheered him, yet Norman was a man who seemed always to be seeking after clouds and shadows. One evening, after the lecture was over, Norman left the hall, accompanied by several other gentlemen, but did not engage in the conversation. Presently he was aroused by a name that sent the blood tingling through his veins. He listened.

"Pauline Foster, from what I have heard of her, is a noble woman as well as a lovely one, and as near worthy of Luther as any woman can be. I'm glad they are going to be married. Are you sure it is so, Harry?"

"*Of* course I am. I have it from headquarters, or nearly so. Ned Darlington, who is a friend of Miss Foster's, and also a friend of mine, wrote and told me all about it. He is in Pittsburg now—he used to pay attention to the lady himself, I believe, but he has given up the struggle, and bears it like a man."

Norman listened no longer, but rushed to his room like a madman. He snatched up a pen, sat down and wrote furiously, pouring out all the wrath and fierceness in his heart, in a stinging, reproachful torrent. He did not take time to reflect, but seized his hat, and reached the post office just in time to mail his letter. Every hope or dream of happiness he had ever known in his life had vanished in that one short hour, yet as he returned slowly to his hotel he would have given anything if the letter had not been sent. Perhaps Ned Darlington had only exaggerated things—Pauline might yet be true to him. In such a case she would think him a monster, and as he reflected how often he had wounded her feelings ruthlessly, only to meet with gentleness and forbearance, he began to think himself one. And now what had he done, forfeited her love and respect forever.

Two weeks passed before he received a reply from Pauline. She did not tell him of the anguish his cruel words had caused her—she did not tell him of the bitter tears she had wept at beholding her life dream broken up. She only told him calmly and kindly that he had sinned beyond pardon—that henceforth no tender tie could bind them together. She told him that between Mr. Luther and herself there existed only friendship—never would exist any other feeling—that to his own rashness alone he must attribute her final decision. That she had borne patiently with his impetuous outbursts of passion, his want of faith in her, but that all hope had died away, and the best thing for them both was a final farewell.

He had expected such a letter, yet, he felt as if at every word his heart were breaking. He knew it would be useless to attempt to move her; that the long agony was at last over, and Pauline was his no longer. He wrote to her but once again.

"PAULINE—NO LONGER *my* PAULINE:—Your letter came—the letter that doomed me to a life of lonely wretchedness, yet I do not murmur. You but obeyed the promptings of duty—the dictates of long outraged feelings. I do not ask you to undo what you have done. I am not worthy of half the kindness you have already lavished upon me. Believe me incapable of a pure, unselfish love. Believe that your image will fade from my heart, that this love will pass away, that sunshine will take the place of the gloom, the terrible gloom that weighs my soul down in despair. Believe when you see me smile that I am happy. When you look into my eyes, believe that you can read in them but a brother's love. Believe that pain nor sadness will mingle with the sweetness of the memories of the time when I had faith that you loved me. Believe that my soul will never again thrill with the olden joy at thought or sight of you. Believe all this—*believe* it, though God knows I cannot tell you it is *true*—believe it for your own happiness—believe it, though every act of my future life contradict it. I can write no more; I do not wish to pain you. I have already caused you too much grief. God bless you.

"NORMAN."

Pauline read this letter with a feeling of the keenest agony she had ever known. *Could* she could give him up after all—could she turn ever from him in coldness, never soothing him again with tender words, or cheering him with hopeful smiles? It must be done, and yet—and yet, how hard it was.

A few weeks afterwards, a friend told her that Norman had enlisted as a soldier in one of the Ohio Regiments, and was even then on his way to active service. After that, there was nothing to do but pray silently and fervently, for the safety of the man she loved better than life itself—loved with all his faults.

A year and more had passed. During this time, she had heard once or twice of Norman. He made a splendid soldier they said—brave and daring to a fault. That he was slowly working his way upwards in the army—that he was kind and considerate to his men, thoughtful of their comfort before his own. Her spirits grew lighter after that. The holy cause for which he was fighting had roused the sleeping good within him, as nothing else could have done.

November set in, cold and dreary and rainy. It dragged wearily along, sobbing out its existence, till December laid her cold hand on the grieving face, and froze up the bitter tears.

It was the day before Christmas. A throng of memories surged up in Pauline's heart—memories of the long and joyous years she had known Norman Everett—thoughts of holidays that had gilded her past life with happiness. *This* Christmas would be the saddest and loneliest of her life. Norman was hundreds of miles away, in an enemy's country, surrounded by a thousand appalling dangers, and subjected to many hardships. Then came a thought of his mother, alone in trouble and sorrow, no one to fill the vacant place in her heart and home. An impulse seized Pauline. She put on her hood and cloak, slipped a pair of sandals over her gaiters, and started to see *his* mother. Perhaps her presence would add a little sunshine to the gloomy house.

Heavy drops of rain splashed in her face—the woods were naked and shivering; the road was covered with damp, dead leaves that muffled the sound of her footsteps. A sense of extreme desolation crept over her, as she looked around the dreary scene. She could remember days when those woods had been sweet with wild flowers and ferns; when green grass and soft mosses made bright the road where the leaves were decaying; when birds chattered in the trees now leafless and deserted. Days when Norman walked by her side an acknowledged lover. Those days were forever over, and Norman—perhaps he was lying cold and still even then in a distant land where no loving hands would decorate his lonely grave.

She hurried on, striving to overcome the thoughts that almost maddened her. The rain came down faster and faster—she ran on recklessly, never stopping till she had reached her destination. She opened the gate noiselessly and walked through the yard on to the porch. She knocked at the hall door, which stood open, but no one seemed to hear her, so she stepped in, laid off her wet wrappings, slipped off her sandals and went into the parlor. Everything looked so familiar, she could scarcely keep back her tears. With an effort she calmed herself, and sat down in an arm-chair, looking wistfully around her, and grieving more and more at the stern necessity that had parted her from Norman. A book lay on the table within her reach—the very book he had read to her the last evening she had spent there. She picked it up mechanically—a little slip of paper fluttered to the floor. She caught it up and read the pencilled words written in some dreamy hour.

"What should I do without my Pauline? No one else ever loved me—no one else will I ever love. I know that come what will, she will never forsake me."

The great tears rained down her cheeks as she read. He had so loved her, and she had banished him from her presence—from his mother and his home.

A sound fell on her ears—some one or something coming through the hall. She started up to escape from the room, but paused ere she reached the centre of the floor; her cheeks colorless, her eyes filled with a wild look almost of terror. There was surely nothing to alarm her in the appearance of the young soldier standing in the door, supporting himself with a crutch; his face as white as her own. He came in slowly and with evident pain; his eyes fixed steadily on her all the while. He sank down into a chair, faint and exhausted from emotion, looking yearningly into her face. Neither spoke. She turned to leave the room, not daring to stand face to face with him, knowing she would betray all the love and pity filling her heart.

"Pauline, can you leave me without even a word of welcome or sympathy? Bad as I may have been, I did not think you hated me so much as this."

His voice was filled with a wail of sadness and reproach.

She hesitated no longer—she sprang to his side, winding her arms around him, kissing many times over the pale, patient face.

"Norman, oh! Norman, my beloved, if I was harsh, forgive me!"

He drew her head on his shoulder; the sobs shaking her slight form all the while.

"God be thanked for this token of His mercy! Go now, Pauline, you unnerve me; unfit me for the stern, hard life lying before me." His tones were husky, yet he pushed her from him.

"I will not go, Norman—I will not leave you! Let me stay with you—I will be so gentle, so patient, only do not send me away!"

He drew her face down to his, and kissed her lips.

"You will go, Pauline—not because I do not love you; but because I love you too well to wish to make you miserable. Sometimes I think God has changed my heart; made me see things in a different and purer light since I left you. There are many things in the perilous life of a soldier to draw him nearer his Maker, and I trust that blessing has been mine. Yet I fear to trust myself, Pauline—I fear to have you trust me."

"You have changed for the better, Norman—I can feel it. I *can* trust you—only take me back to my resting place in your heart!"

"I am only a poor cripple now, Pauline. As my wife you would be called on daily to endure things that would almost break your sensitive heart. The coarse pity and condolence of the ignorant, and the criticisms of the heartless, will sting you beyond measure. Think well before you decide."

"There is no need of thinking, my dearest—I *will not* leave you."

So peace and content settled down on their souls, and out of the deep darkness sprang up much light. Norman was indeed a different man. A sense of his own errors had at last awakened him to his better nature, and through the long months of trial and sorrow his soul had come changed and purified. Soon afterwards the papers announced a wedding.

"Married, at the residence of the bride's father, on the 8th of January, the brave and gallant Captain Norman Everett, to Miss Pauline Foster."

FAULTS.

What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To peck at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

☞ Nothing appears to me more shallow than the mode of viewing life which looks upon pain "as the deepest thing in our nature, and union through pain the closest of any." Sorrow is essentially separative. What is its extremest form—insanity—but isolation? The French, with as much truth as tenderness, call the insane les aliénes. The mind, broken in itself, has lost the power of blending with other minds; its action returns upon itself. Joy is a uniting thing; it builds up, while it enlarges, the whole nature; it is the wine to strengthen man's heart, to brace it to every noble enterprise.

☞ A Spanish proverb says—"A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; but a little at night is too much." The Indian philosopher, equally profound, held that "too much rum was just enough."

☞ George Thompson, eldest son of William Loyd Garrison, has been commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Massachusetts 55th (colored) regiment. He has never, we understand, accepted his father's Non-Resistance views.

Doctor Dio Lewis on Physical and Physiological Education.

The *Inquirer* of this city gives the following report of Dr. Dio Lewis's recent lecture at Concert Hall:

As Mr. Furness has alluded to the Normal Institute for Physical Education, I may be pardoned for telling you something of that institution. About three years ago I located in Boston, and established the Normal Institute for the preparation of teachers of the New Gymnastics. An act of incorporation was obtained; a corps of professors elected by the trustees, and among those professors Dr. Walter Channing, so well and favorably known to you all. So also is Dr. Hoskins, who is one of the teachers of the school. Professor Leonard has merited distinction as professor of elocution. I have the honor to occupy the place of teacher or professor of gymnastics.

In the three years the institute has been in progress, about sixty teachers have graduated, and are now engaged in various parts of the Union in teaching. Three reside in this city, and will, during next fall and next winter, open gymnasia here. From almost every part of the country I am receiving daily evidences of growing interest in the movement. Within the past week I have received from one of our graduates who has gone to England to introduce the new gymnastics, most flattering accounts of his reception there. One of the largest London publishers proposes to begin the publication of a new paper, *The London Gymnast*, which will advocate the new gymnastics. I also received an order from the publisher for the plates of the new work on Gymnastics, recently published, that it may be published in England. The same week I received from the Sandwich Islands a communication for a condensed edition of the same work, to be translated into that tongue, and printed for the use of the people. I might mention other evidences of the interest felt in the movement, but I will remark only, that while I am engaged in teaching gymnastics, I am always anxious to keep before the people the fact that exercise is not the only law of health.

Health—the Means of Improving.

Physical education, in the minds of most people, means exercise. Now I believe that there are many laws of health quite as much needed and not less important than this. I believe ventilation more important than gymnastics can ever be made. He who can devise some means by which every building, private and public, may be well ventilated, and will induce the public to adopt his invention, will do more for the cause of humanity, and confer a greater blessing upon the American people, than he who would build a gymnasium. We are suffering more for pure air in our houses than for exercise. I think he who will introduce the sunshine into our dwellings, will do more for the health of our people than the gymnast will ever do. I think that the shade-trees you are cultivating so carefully about your houses, and the blinds you place at your windows, by the darkness which they produce, tend more to injure health than the want of exercise. I think to cut down the shade trees, and remove the blinds, and let the sunlight into your houses, will do more to improve your health than the gymnast can. I think that the introduction of a physiological dress a more needed reform than gymnastics. I think that certain changes in our dietetics will prove far more valuable to our bodies than the gymnastics will be. And yet I am always teaching gymnastics. I am needful, and I am doing myself good, but I always, when before the public, try to have the so other laws understood and practically recognized. Let me say a word or two about these before I introduce my own particular theme.

The Necessity of Ventilation.

First of Ventilation. Everywhere we are suffering for pure air. All our public buildings are badly ventilated. Our churches are imperfectly ventilated. I often come home from church doubting if I have not committed a sin in exposing myself to such vile air (Laughter.) In the city of Boston, where we have given much attention to the subject of ventilation, we have but one single hall into which a Christian can conveniently go (Laughter.) Theatres, concert rooms, and halls of that sort are so poorly ventilated, that a single evening spent in one of them will, if a person has any nerves, cause not only lassitude, but head-aches and discomforts which will last for several days. Our cars—our street cars particularly, but our steam-cars also, are both so badly ventilated, that when I ride in one of them I instinctively seek the platform. Our private houses are so poorly ventilated, that I sometimes feel disposed to acquiesce in the sentiments of a play written by some forgotten author, that a large majority of the diseases of our people are caused by breathing the impure air of our houses. The bed-rooms are so badly ventilated, that while, as a physician, I visited hundreds and thousands of houses, I scarcely found one hundred persons in well ventilated rooms. I would have all these places ventilated, as they could be easily and cheaply. I do not wonder that a distinguished American physician, when a consumptive patient comes to him and cries, "Doctor, examine my lungs," and the doctor, examining, finds tuberculous deposits, says, "If you stay at home, in the house, you will die; if you go out in the air, you will live." I do not mean to say that that statement is wholly true, but I do say that the physicians have been driven to this statement, and it is almost always true.

The Injurious Effect of Covering the Face.

Women have contrived a plan of carrying this bad air into the street. They contrive to breathe the same poisonous mixture in the street. A woman goes to a doctor and says what shall I do for my health, I am feeble and weak, and the doctor says you must go out into the free air, take the open air twice a day, and she does go out, but she never inhales a breath of fresh air. How will she, the next morning take it. This is her method. (Here the speaker placed his handkerchief over his face, and walked along the stage, much to the amusement of his auditors.) I need not say she gets anything but fresh air. If she has the asthma she will not go a single square before she will have to tear the veil from her face with a great gasp "give me air."

This is bad enough for a woman, but what do you think of a mother who places a covering over a baby's face down in the bottom of a deep cradle in the hot summer blasts of July? And I have seen in the management of these little ones worse treatment than that. I have been in the country when women assembled by the dozen to discuss the affairs of the nursery, more particularly those of the nolchalchildren. (Merriment.) I have seen ladies unroll bundles from their arms. What that bundle is nobody knows but those interested, until the bundle is at last unrolled, and to everybody's surprise out pops a live baby (laughter), and every one is disposed to say—What! alive yet, after not a breath of fresh air for a half hour—alive yet! They are marvellously tough to endure it.

The Blessing of Free Air.

I shall offend no one's common sense by saying that God knew what was good for us. He made this great ocean of air, piled up for a hundred miles all round our planet, and sent not only gentle breezes, but great hurricanes, that would stir it up, that we might breathe it over and over again. (Applause.) But we plant trees around our houses, and put blinds to our windows, and nail lists around our doors, that we may keep it out and live in a close atmosphere all our lives.

I am surprised to hear so many say that night air is injurious. No other air can be breathed at night. We can breathe either free and pure night air, or we can breathe a very little night air and a great deal of poisonous exhalations from our own skins and lungs. I much rather prefer the free night air (applause.) There is no person so delicate but he can, in a single month, accustom himself to sleep with open windows near his bed, and breathe in great quantities of fresh air from the great ocean outside, and that without any mischief resulting.

Sunshine.

Let me say a word about sunshine. Every person has observed in a cellar a potato plant growing. It will grow about as tall as any plant of the same species, but it will be weak, feeble and delicate. Twist it about your finger and it will die. What does it need? The sunshine. Just so it is with children. Take away the barriers and let the sunshine in. Drink from the great fountain of light and life and vigor that is flowing all over the world. God has ordained it that animals are as dependent upon the sun as the plants are; and the girls you are bringing up in your parlors, pale and sickly, are suffering for the want of the great sunshine that the plants in the cellar do. If it does fade the carpet, let it in. Better let the carpet fade than the household plants die for want of sunlight.

The Ladies Should Not Carry Parasols.

Now, if there should be no keeping of the fresh air from the lungs by veils, there should be no depriving the sunshine of its right to dally with the pale cheeks of woman. When the great sun asks, may I kiss you, prefer the kisses from that sun to kisses from any other son. (Great laughter.) They are better generally, more healthful. (More laughter.) I believe that persons afflicted with bronchitis, and particularly indigestion, would be cured in two months, by exposing themselves to the sun for an hour or two each day—lying down on a mattress or the floor in a bedroom, while the sun comes in at the window, and let the sun fall upon every part of the body, from head to foot. Get, then, plenty of sunshine. One of the reasons why women have more neuralgia and rheumatism than the men, is because they are shut up in houses so much more than their husbands and brothers are. When a practicing physician, I always caused rheumatic patients to be removed from bed rooms when under the shade of closely-woven branches of trees, and under piazzas, up to high-set chambers, with open windows, where the sun could pour in and dry and purify and renovate the rooms.

The Masculine Dress.

Now a word on dress. The dress of the gentlemen is perfect. It is warm enough. It is loose enough. It is comfortable enough. It could not be bettered. But I will make one criticism. It is on the dress of the head. You wear on the head coverings which are impervious to moisture, and which retain all the heated atmosphere and perspiration which is evolved from the head.

This is why men get bald. Women are never bald. They sometimes, by severe combing, and from continued sickness or headache, lose large quantities of hair, but they never have a white shiny top on their head. (Laughter.) You never saw a man with a bald place below the rim of his hat. Make two or three hundred holes in the top of your hat and the perspiration will then pass away. Baldness is difficult to remedy. The papers publish accounts of restoratives which will stimulate the growth, but they are generally worthless. If the head is really bald the best remedy is cold water. Hold the head over a basin of water and pour handfull of cold water, the colder the better, and continue the process for several weeks until the effect is visible.

The Dress of the Women.

The women are better than the men. God made them so, but they have one disadvantage. Their diet is not equal to the men's. Their dress is abominable. (Cheers.) When a woman is in full dress she has nothing upon her arms and chest. Perhaps it would offend no one to ask, how would she be attired if she was not full dressed? (Laughter.) Physiologically, it is a fact. A doctor said to me, in Boston city, six hundred children are murdered here annually for want of proper dressing.

Mothers will not give their children proper protection; their arms and legs are bare; place the bulb of a thermometer in a babe's mouth; it will be from eighty to ninety degrees; place it on its bare wrists, and the mercury will fall forty degrees. The babies are well clad at first, when in warm long dresses, but when they are taken out of long dresses the mother proceeds to lop off the clothing, and bobs off a yard at the first attempt. (Laughter.) Then the next thing is a hoop, and if the little one bends over you can see the small of her back, and if she leans forward you can see the pit of her stomach. The dress seems to hang on the centre of the body. (Laughter.) The body should be warmly clad to the hands and feet. Every human being should wear woolen garments next the skin.

Dresses are so disproportionate; my wife when she goes out will put on five or six thicknesses over her breast. If it be winter, she will put heavy furs on over them. Then they place one thickness of cotton over their lower extremities, and then throw a skirt over it and go out. I say let your under garments fit you. They should be knit and woollen. Be sure that the lower extremities are warmly clothed; wear a pound, more or less, of under garments near the limbs rather than five pounds added to the skirt.

The Dress of the Feet.

Now, a single word about the dress of the feet. That is always bad. Women draw their feet wrapped in thin morocco shoes, and cry they are prodigious. They should wear the same protection on their feet that the men do, for they tread the same earth.

Tight Lacing.

But the worst of all is the compression of the vital organs. In the region of the waist are all the organs which give vitality and strength. If the ladies desired to compress their feet until they were as small as those of a Chinese woman, and reduce their health to the condition of the Flathead Indians, I would not object; but if they will compress the vital organs I will remonstrate.

Diet.

What we eat has a great influence on our health. And not so much what we eat as the quantity of it. People eat a great deal more than they need. Ninety-nine out of every hundred people in the country die some years sooner than they would have done had not they taken away strength from their muscular mental powers to stimulate the digestive organs. I have two simple rules which I always observe. First, to eat but two meals a day. Secondly, to have everything on my plate when I commence that I intend to eat, and ask nothing more. Now let me briefly refer to a theme in which I am more at home.

The New Gymnastics.

I thought the German system of gymnastics was not good enough. There was no chance for fat men, for an old man, for feeble men, or for women. There was opportunity for only one class in the old system, for vigorous young men who did not need it. Children do not need the gymnasium. You can't make them use it. There can be no fun in the gymnasium. In games such as cricket there is fun and interest, and I thought why cannot games be devised in gymnastics. I saw the sexes were separated in the common gymnasium. The charm of the dancing room was omitted. This was all very clear that we could have no interest in the gymnasium unless the sexes were united.

So a new plan of gymnastics were devised. The question was, what was to be used? The dumb-bells were undoubtedly good, but they were too heavy. They admitted of no variations. They were used of 100 pounds weight, which only admitted of two motions, an upward and a downward motion. I thought why not have fifty bells which would admit of a thousand beautiful variations. All the exercises are accompanied by music.

In the exercises the attitudes involve a constant change of posturing, and it is much to be preferred to the old way of lifting a heavy dumb bell over the head and putting it down again.

Now I wish you to observe another kind of apparatus, and it is a simple ring. But, you say, how light! Well, if the hardest working-man in the room will come on the stage and perform for three minutes, he will confess that he never worked harder in his life.

The further a system progresses the more difficult becomes the posturing, requiring a great degree of grace and flexibility. The dumb-bells were undoubtedly good, but they were too heavy. They admitted of no variations. They were used of 100 pounds weight, which only admitted of two motions, an upward and a downward motion. I thought why not have fifty bells which would admit of a thousand beautiful variations. All the exercises are accompanied by music.

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SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

CAMP OF 1ST PA. RESERVE CAVALRY.

Mr. Vernon, Dear Sir:—Allow me to add a little unsolicited testimony to Dr. Kerlin's statement now before me, in which my name is introduced as one of those drawing upon his agency for supplies. Thousands of dollars and hours of careful labor without number, have been spent in making up supplies for soldiers which never reach them. I think from my experience, I may properly say, that the majority of boxes sent never reach their intended destination, and never do say soldier the least benefit. But comparatively few counties from which our myriad army has come, have kept up so close a correspondence with their absentsons as Delaware county, and very few have succeeded as well in pushing their contributions safely through to the men for whom they were intended, and yet many a box of yours has been ruined by age before its delivery, and many others utterly failed of delivery in any condition.

I have been for weeks using all possible exertions to get such a box from Washington, where it now lies, and as last the Sanitary Commission Agents are my only hope of getting it. There is, as Dr. Kerlin suggests, an Agency which reaches every part of the army, and every donation of five cents, five hundred dollars, or a pair of socks, or any other such gift comes in their hands, is sure to go to the benefit of some soldier just when and where it is wanted.

On the other hand the same agency is ever open to your friends, who can there get freely and at any time such supplies as they need so far as is proper, and they are sure to get them in good order and fit for use.

I have watched this matter carefully for the sixteen months I have served in this regiment, and my conclusion has before now been deliberately made that my best and only sure plan to get extra supplies for my sick, is to go to the Sanitary Commission for what I want; and I ask my friends at home, who have so kindly remembered me and my charge, to give what they give, whether of money or of useful articles, through the agency which has so long and so faithfully proved its trustiness.

Let my name be added to Dr. Kerlin's in this matter, as a witness who on the outside has received the benefits of that Commission instead of dispensing its favors from within its doors. He sees its benefit. I feel it, and the men under my care feel it.

I, too, have blessed the Sanitary Commission, as I have seen its public notices and private cards, inviting invalid and discharged soldiers to meals and lodging free. I know that those meals and beds were not only free from cost, but free from the vicious and debauching associations of the cheap taverns of Washington to which this class was before forced to resort. Before their doors were open it was often better for those men to go right on home and not attempt to stay in Washington long enough to get their little wages, for they only wasted their time and strength, and gave the money to the landlord of some miserable rumhole when they got it.

Very respectfully yours,
G. B. HOTCHKIN,
Surgeon of the 1st Pa. Reserve Cavalry.

We copy a portion of a letter received from Mrs. Holstein, who has returned with her husband to the arduous duties to which she has devoted her time and energies. To use her own words—"In the city Hospitals there are enough ready and willing to do all in their power; so I go where I am most needed—to aid in saving lives in the cheerless, lonely field Hospitals. I am more than ever convinced of the great good resulting from having a lady resident; if no higher than is attained from the preparation of the diet for the sick. That oversight alone often decides the question whether the struggle be for life or death."

HANCOCK'S DIV. HOSPITAL,
Potomac Creek, May 27th.

* * * Every arrangement has been made for our comfort. Mr. H. and I occupy an ordinary sized hospital tent. We have a little strip of floor 3 feet wide; and on it a piece of carpet by the beds. Two rustic looking hai racks made of small trees, with branches trimmed short, and driven into the earth form an important part of our furniture;—all the rest corresponds. There are 700 sick and wounded here. In the kitchen, which is under our control, (where we have 4 good men to assist) are prepared all the delicacies this large number require; and I can assure you that it is done as nicely and carefully, as though under my direction at home. We vary the food as much as possible with so limited a list to select from. The only vegetables that we have are tomatoes and potatoes. I hope that you will impress upon the contributors to the Commission the vast importance of *canned tomatoes* for Hospital use; and now that the fruit season is approaching, urge the preparation of raspberry vinegar and currant shrub. We find all such cooling drinks most grateful to them. *Lint is certainly not needed.* I have repeatedly been told by the surgeons that they prefer having the old linen and muslin to use as rags; so your influence I trust may aid in stopping what is now a waste. Dried fruit of all kinds we use in large quantities; cooking half a bushel at a time, and mixing the varieties together in stewing, except apples and peaches, which are cooked separately, and afterwards added to the compound, which is really very nice.

Dr. G. has had a garden prepared, and a milk-house or cave made for keeping meat, butter and eggs. This Hospital is complete in its arrangements. We brought with us a washing machine and a clothes wringer, which they keep at work all and every day, and pronounce it grand.

We daily see how far superior to all other organizations the Sanitary Commission is esteemed; and I know from actual observation the noble work which it has done, and is still doing.

* * * * *

In one tent we have 7 badly wounded men, whose cases seemed almost hopeless. One young man shot in the forehead. The bullet, extracted only 3 days since, had passed 4 inches into the brain! The surgeon now thinks that he may possibly recover. Another with a fractured skull, and eyes hopelessly blinded they feared, can now distinguish day from night; but to me his closed, swollen eye-lids look as though they shut out forever all the beauty earth can give. The other 5 fearfully wounded, some amputations, but *all* so bright and cheerful. For such wounds in our defence, how little is all we can do!

* * * *

Such letters as the above cause us to feel how slight are the labors of the workers at home in comparison with those so modestly alluded to. All the comforts of life and the companionship of friends given up cheerfully, yes eagerly, for the fatiguing, wearing service of "aiding to save lives in the cheerless field hospitals." The "blessings of many ready to perish" will surely rest upon all such noble laborers.

We copy from the Philadelphia Inquirer the following admirable description of the scenes going on at the rooms of the W. P. B.:

A BEE-HIVE.—When the history of this war comes to be written, the work of our women will form an interesting page. It does one's heart good to turn aside from the grim aspects of war to contemplate these happy workers in their labor of love. Any one who wants to have his spirits refreshed within him, and to see the prettiest picture in the world, will only have to take a peep into the Women's Department of the Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street.

Out on the pavement, piled up, with scarce room for passers by, oftentimes we see boxes, great and small, marked from North and South, from East and West of our noble old state. These are but the overflowings of the wealth within doors. Inside, still box upon box—these waiting inspection; those, reshipment. Here, near the door, stands a group of soldiers, the maimed and halt and blind, waiting their turn to tell the story of their sufferings and their needs, and to receive the ready relief. There, some meek-faced sewing women, wives and mothers of brave boys fighting our battles, bringing back their work, glad of their weekly pittance. And the angels of "Special Relief" are flitting about, listening and sympathizing here, giving and advising there. Why is you old French soldier in such a spasm of gratitude that all English falls him, and pantomime must sound its depths? Not the red flannel shirt, nor the drawers, not even the promise of lodgings free. That plug of tobacco, unsought, unexpected, has made his "cup to run over."

Let us pass the threshold, and enter on the fairy scene within. We defy the crustiest old bachelor in all Christendom to behold that picture without feeling cheery. Twenty, yes, thirty young girls, from rosy sixteen upwards, with sleeves rolled up and dimply arms all showing; with caps of dainty little white aprons on, and dresses tucked up washer-woman-wise, working with all their heart and soul, with all their might and main! Here a group with their heads almost swallowed up in that great box where they are pressing in no end of flannel shirts. There is one scraping up dried fruit into a sack, while a laughing companion holds wide open the sack's mouth. Here two heads, with ringlets intermingling, bend low over a box of wine, that with straw and careful care must be repacked; here one, pencil in hand, lists out the contents of yonder bale or barrel, just brought in; here one is stamping the Sanitary mark upon mentionable and unmentionable garments; and here one busy, housewife-looking body, with a great brush and towel, is cleaning out the bins, and what a sound of chatter and merriment rises from every nook and corner!

Who are these nimble-fingered, willing workers? Oh moralists and wiseacres, who have so mourned the decline of old-fashioned homespun virtues, and wept for the idleness of the daughters of luxury, behold them when the occasion calls. Yes, these are the refined, the educated, the indulged daughters of our most respected as well as our wealthiest families.

That impatient spirit yonder, who, tired of waiting for the tardy clerk, seizes the handsaw, and herself saws off the large box lid, and then with right good will drives home the nails into their place, has been the belle of many a ball-room.

And now a glance behind the glass-doors. In this *sanctum sanctorum* sit the older, graver heads—the authorities. Here the clerk work is done; ledgers posted, letters written, &c. Here are three desks, representing each a branch of power—the Chairman of the Executive Committee, the Corresponding Secretary, and the Committee for "Special Relief."

We leave the quiet dignity of this room with the reflection that war is no unmitigated evil, that wakes up hearts to such large labors of love.

The following Associate Managers of the W. P. B. have been appointed since the last announcement:

Mrs. Rosa Nicolls, Reading; Mrs. Reeder, Easton; Mrs. Andrew Russell, Pottsville; Mrs. R. R. Schenck, Chambersburg; Mrs. R. C. Hoke, McConnelsburg; Mrs. Henry Cohen, Philadelphia; Miss H. Jenkins, Northumberland; Miss L. Snyder, Williamsport; Miss M. A. Montgomery, Danville; Miss C. E. Smith, Selinsgrove.

Ladies interested in the cause of this Commission, in the counties of Wayne, Sullivan, Huntingdon, Cumberland, Blair, Bradford and Bedford, are requested to write to this office; and we shall be equally glad to hear from any other counties in the state. We shall be glad to answer any questions concerning the Commission, and give all the information in our power.

The articles for hospital supply most called for at present are: Cotton underclothing, cotton socks, cotton wrappers, bed-sacks, mosquito netting, fans, canned vegetables, jellies and prepared fruits of all kinds, tamarinds, pickles and bay rum.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1st, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

1 box, Ladies' Aid, Lewistown, Elizabeth Hoffman.

1 box from Mrs. C. M. Lewis's Primary School, Pottsville.

5 boxes from Altoona, additional to six previously published.

1 box from East Smithfield, Bradford county, Mrs. E. Farnesworth.

3 boxes from Williamsport Union Aid Society, E. W. Capron, Secretary.

1 barrel, Ladies' Aid, Cressona, Helen M. Price.

Clothing from New Garden Aid Association, Chester county.

1 pkg., Rev. W. H. Norris, Woodbury, N. J.

Pillow cases, Union Sewing Association, Miss Julia Lewis.

1 box, Trenton Aid Society, S. B. Johnson, 34 Hanover street, Boston.

9 boxes, Aid Society, Mount Laurel, N. J., Henrietta H. Borson.

1 barrel and 1 box from Ladies' Aid Society, Honesdale, Pa., Mary P. Hand.

2 boxes, Richmond Aid Society, Crawford county, Miss C. C. Green, Secretary.

1 barrel, 1 box and 1 keg, Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Pa., Miss E. C. Blackman.

1 pkg., A. M. Sewing Society, 1513 Spruce street, Phila.

Socks, Mrs. B. H. Moore.

Socks, Mrs. McAlpine.

12 pillow cases, Union Sewing Association, Miss Julia Lewis.

Clothing and hospital stores, Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, Miss E. H. Haven.

1 box clothing and delicacies.

1000 fans, Church of Holy Trinity, Mrs. Wm. Bucknell.

Hospital stores and lint, Patriot Daughters of Lititz, Pa.

Pickles, Mrs. Erskine.

1 box, Aid Society, Hartsville, Bucks county, Pa.

1 box, Nittany and Bald Eagle Aid Society, Ann E. McCormick.

1 box, Flemington, Clinton county, Pa.

Hospital stores, Miss Ann W. Jackson, No. 227 South Twentieth street.

1 package, Miss Dodge.

Clothing, Mrs. S. Hart.

1 box dried fruit, Aid Society, Espy, Columbia county.

1 box eggs, Northumberland county.

1 box, East Troy.

1 box clothing, Mrs. J. L. Lawson.

Clothing, Church of the Atonement, Mrs. De Courcy, 1707 Arch street.

Slippers and socks, a lady.

Socks, Miss Rodman.

1 barrel apples, Joseph D. Drinker, Montrose, Pa.

Mrs. Wm. Griffith, 1011 Clinton street.

1 box delicacies, 1 box eggs, Chambersburg, Ladies' Aid Society.

1 box clothing and delicacies, Hospital Aid Society of Darby, Mrs. Bunting.

1 box clothing, Soldiers' Aid Society, Medford, N. J.

1 package shirts, St. Peter's Aid Society.

7 boxes, Miss Mary Agnes Seltzinger, Montgomery county.

2 pkgs., Union Industrial Aid Society, Phila.

☞ WHOSE PLAN IS IT?—The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Commonwealth* says:—"Before we canonize Grant among the saints that are to save us, let us have some explanation of the blind, unscientific senseless ditch-digging, begun without a plan and for months persisted in, against the remonstrances and almost the commands of the President himself. It is no secret here that Mr. Lincoln claims to have originated the plan on which Grapt is now acting, that he urged it upon him when the warfare by hydraulics was begun, and that Grant stendily refused to adopt it except under explicit orders—which Mr. Lincoln, unwilling to discredit so completely the judgment of his generals in the field, always hesitated to give. If we *must* shout hallelujahs over the plan, before it is proved a success, why not give honor to whom honor is due?"

R. R. R.
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Proves its superiority to all other remedies, in relieving the sufferer of pain, *at once*. A few minutes is sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its marvellous powers. So swift is its action in soothing the most violent pain, allaying irritation and inflammation, in transforming the rheumatic, the crippled, and bedridden, to the enjoyment of ease and comfort, in curing Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and all internal and external pains, that patients ascribe its talismanic power to enchantment instead of the plain matter-of-fact results from its skillfully combined properties. Whenever there is pain use it.

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Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial results and wonderful virtues of these BITTERS.

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DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?

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Dr. Hoofland has requested me to bear my testimony to the merits of his German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city. Some persons of my acquaintance have used them, for many years, under the impression that they were a mere beverage, and I was ecclesiastically reproached for it as a worldly indulgence. I am indebted by my friend Dr. Hoofland to use them myself, and I have found them to be a valuable tonic, and well adapted to the relief of debility and nervousness. I do not hesitate to recommend them to the use of others.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I have had personal proof of their efficacy in my own family, under the impression that they were a mere beverage, and I was ecclesiastically reproached for it as a worldly indulgence. I am indebted by my friend Dr. Hoofland to use them myself, and I have found them to be a valuable tonic, and well adapted to the relief of debility and nervousness. I do not hesitate to recommend them to the use of others.

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J. H. KENNARD,
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There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest grade whiskey, high wines, and cheap stuff, to sicken per gallon, the taste disgusted by Rotts or Cucumber Seed.

This class of Bitters has caused, and still continues to cause, as long as they can be sold, much death and the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor increased and kept up, and the results is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following: ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and one with THE GOLDEN MEDAL BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation more than equal to FIFTY DOLLARS worth of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and at a trifling cost. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than their inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will cure nine-tenths of the diseases incident to exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the fall, published a noble instance of the wonderful effects of the same, it will be noticed that a very large number of the members of Congress were suffering from debility. For some of that band can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases arising from a disordered state of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that if Congressmen there were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will fall victims to fevers and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and at a trifling cost. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than their inferior preparations will cost you.

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We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life was saved by the Bitters:

PHILADELPHIA, August 2d, 1862.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters was as good as my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully conscious of a the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been, for the last year, a member of Sherman's commended battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Hexamer. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with Inflammation on of the Lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, terminated in an attack of Chronic Diarrhœa, and returned from the White House and sent to this city on board of the steamer Wenona, of Maine, from which I landed on the 26th of June. Since that time I have been almost as low as any one could be and still live. A spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to eat anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again. In fact, I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life crept out last night, and I trembled for every moment's throbbing the physicians, who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to save me, had me out of grasp of the dread archer. Frank told me they could do no more for me, and as I was not to be a superhuman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. As soon as my mind was settled I sent to the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch Street, advised me, as a last hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now literally feeling better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have rained ten pounds, and I feel as strong as ever. Being reduced to poverty and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing during the eighteen months I have been in the royal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe this restoration to life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again living to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, JOHN C. MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUMBERBACH, First New York Battery.
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JONES & EVANS,
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Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

I have a brother—a wee little chap—who sometimes says things we think very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother, and said, "Oh, mother, I'm *full of glory!* There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it!"

Steve Wilson was the most self-important young man in my neighborhood. Though recommending others to volunteer, *he* could not be prevailed upon to enlist until fear of the draft drove him to it. It runs in the Wilson family to be dark-skinned, and Steve is decidedly the nearest to black of all. I received a letter from a little girl of fourteen which thus mentions Steve:—

"Steve Wilson wrote home that he was not going to fight by the side of a nigger. I don't know why it is, unless he is afraid if he gets mixed up with them *he won't be known!*"

A gentleman of means, and an enthusiastic sportsman, having purchased a country residence, began (to the astonishment of his neighbors) to devote his time to his gun and hounds, instead of the culture of his land. After a time an old farmer took a favorable opportunity to make some remarks upon his course, that was, in his view, not only profitless, but devoid of interest. "If you will go one day go with me," says the sportsman, "I think I can convince you that it is intensely interesting and exciting." The farmer consented to do so; and the next morn, before daybreak, they wended their way to the hunting-ground. The dogs soon took the scent of a fox and went off, and our two worthies followed, through woods and meadows and over hills, for two or three hours. At last the sportsman hears the dogs driving the game in their direction; and soon the pack, in full cry, comes over a hill that had previously shut out the sound. "There! my friend," says the sportsman, "there! did you ever hear such heavenly music as that?" The farmer stopped in an attitude of intense listening for some moments, and then says, "Wa'al, the fact is, those confounded dogs make such a noise I can't hear the music!" Effort to convert him was immediately abandoned.

Passing along one of our thoroughfares a few days since we met a poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in a battle, slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him, cried—

"I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?"

"Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent. on it!" was the reply.

The eccentric Judge Natal has lately died, leaving as many personal friends to regret his loss as any man probably ever did. As a judge he was singularly out of place; but in private life he was so good-hearted and exemplary that his most determined opponents could not help but love him.

A boy of fourteen or fifteen had been indicted for passing counterfeit money. He was in all likelihood guilty; but his appearance and manner were very prepossessing, and at once won the judge's warmest sympathy. The latter set on foot a subscription among the lawyers and officers of the court, and then calling the prisoner before him, addressed him as follows:—"Now, my son, you say that your father lives in Ohio?" "Yes, sir." "Well, if I let you go home, will you promise me to come back next spring and stand your trial?" "Yes, sir." "Very well. Mr. Jones has got some money for you; and you must be sure and come back next term and be sent to the Penitentiary, *like a good boy!*"

It need not be said that the young rogue went, but did not come up to time as he had promised.

The California Second is now stationed at Fort Lyon, awaiting orders for the states—or America, as the boys say. The officer in command of the fort has an *exquisite* daughter, who occasionally attends her father at review. She has a peculiar pronunciation, which was more common in peaceful times. Wishing to see the boys perform the double-quick, she says, "Pa, please make them *tweet.*" Accordingly the old gentleman made the boys *tweet* for the benefit of the fair one—and they *tweeted!*

A city situated in Massachusetts, on the banks of the Merrimac, is always blessed with a score of aspirants for the Mayoralty, and some of them are ever on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to immortalize themselves by a speech. Not long since one of these worthies attended the funeral of a soldier who had died in the service of his country, and whose remains were brought home for interment. Our orator thought the long-sought-for opportunity had arrived to deliver an impressive address, and, carefully preparing himself for the task, he attended the funeral, which was a private one.

Just as the mourners were about to remove the remains from the residence of the family, our orator, after wiping his eyes two or three times with a large white handkerchief, thus addressed the Mayor and relations of the deceased:—

"*Mr. Mayor and friends of the deceased:*—This is a solemn and impressive occasion. The deceased who lies here before us in this beautiful coffin, did not die of wounds received in battle, but by—by—*by death.*"

Having relieved himself of this eloquent speech, our orator sat down, fully satisfied that he had immortalized himself and secured the nomination as the candidate for the next mayor.—*Harper's Magazine.*

RATHER BIBLICAL.

Some young ladies who had been attending an evening party, desired to return home, but had no male attendant. The master of the house requested his son to accompany them, and made use of a Scripture name. What was it?"

Jawbones—Jerry beat 'em.

Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman desired another son to act as escort. What Scripture name did he utter?

Lemuel—Lem you will.

Still there was a difficulty, and a like request was made in a similar manner to another son. What was it?

Samuel—Sam you will.

Sam having consented, the parties took their seats in a sleigh for the purpose of going home. It was found there was plenty of room for one more. What Scripture name did the old gentleman use to induce another son to accompany the guests?

Benjamin—Ben jam in.

The driver was requested to start in another Scripture name. What was it?

Joshua—Josh away.

When the sleigh was fairly off, it was discovered that one of the young ladies had been left behind. There was no possibility of recalling her companions, so the old gentleman asked still another of his sons to console the young lady for her disappointment. What was the last Scriptural name thus used?

Ebenezer—Eben ease her.

HOW TOM WAS MANAGED.

Tom is a trial. Tom in school gets through his geography by boring a hole through the middle of it. That is his royal road to learning, or rather past it. He melts up all the ink-stands into bullets. He curses and swears, and says that the minister talks in that way on Sunday. He plays truant, gets into trouble, and when he can lies his way out. When the teacher tries to correct him, he bites her and kicks her alternately. This is Tom at school. He lounges the streets, insults passengers, and goes down and stones the school-house windows. This is Tom in vacation. He takes other boys on pleasure excursions, such as stealing pears, peaches, apples, and melons. This is Tom on a farm.

The other day Tom's father called upon the school committee, looking much like an injured and persecuted man. Mark this: if a boy lies every day worse than Ananaias and Sapphira, especially if it is about the school, and his mother believes it, of course his father will. So in comes Mr. Skinner, the injured father.

"My son has been turned out of school, sir!"

"For what?"

"Nothing in the world but missing a word."

"Indeed! how do you ascertain that?"

"He says so, and all the other children say so."

"All the other children" were two or three smaller ones, who had to be Tom's echoes under penalty of standing inverted.

"Now, Mr. Skinner, I know a little of Tom's antecedent probabilities. I was in the school two or three days ago, and he didn't spell but one word right, and that one he guessed at. He won't study, and he seldom answers a question rightly, except by accident."

"Why, sir, he says he's got through most of his books."

"Yes, sir, he gets through his books as a worm gets through an apple, or a rat gets through a meal-chest. He digs through with his jack-knife."

"Well, I ain't unreasonable. I'm willing Tom should be punished, but his mother don't want him turned out of school. We want him to have a good education. The teacher can whip him when it is necessary."

"You seem to think, sir, it must be a great privilege to whip your boy. It strikes me that that is asking a great deal of a young lady, and such little jobs as those you ought to do yourself. Parents are bound to send their children to the school-room in such condition that they will neither kick nor bite; and if they neglect this duty, they ought to forfeit their privileges."

Mr. Skinner went home with new views. But for Tom's sake I did not let the matter rest there. I gave a prescription which I thought suited exactly to Tom's case, and which I have never known to fail; and as it works with boys of the Tom Skinner school as charmingly as Rarey's does with wild horses, I give it for the benefit of all parents and school committees, thus:—

"Take Tom out of school for one week; don't leave him any leisure wherein to torment the cat or stone the neighbor's hens; take him out into the field, make him work at your side from morning until evening, so that he will be sure to sleep o' nights; never strike him or whip him; work him six days in succession, at the end of which time you may reasonably expect all the bad spirits worked out of him at the rate of one devil per day. Then let him go back to the school, and if the evil possession comes again, repeat the exorcism until the cure is effectual and complete."

Tom is now under this regimen. It works beautifully, and I am persuaded we shall have a new and better edition both of Tom at school and of Tom on a farm.—*Teachers' Journal.*

LIFE'S GOLDEN PERIODS.

I envy not the man who can look on the open countenance of the true-hearted boy, or the fair and delicate face of girlhood, with those pensive eyes and long golden hair, and not call to mind his own by-gone years, nor seek to read for those untried spirits what is written for them in the book of daily life. Were I to try to feel like him, I should not succeed; for I regard the young man with intense sympathy. Remembering them most vividly, as I do, when I was one of them, and recollecting the upward feeling wherewith I used to regard the full grown, I cannot help now shaping my thoughts downwards, and becoming one with them again. It may be that we do not give in this world sufficient individuality to each with whom we mix. The selfish feeling of mankind, the world one thing, and ourselves the other, closes the heart against all the gentler sympathies; and the apprehension of childishness, and its imputation to us, prevents our entering into their little feelings, and giving them their due weight and importance.

Yet who remembers not the days of his childhood? What traveller ever in the midst of toilsome and busy years, when manhood had hardened his heart, and disappointment taught him to rejoice no more on earth, did not turn his eye backward to his father's manly welcome, the tender reception from his mother, his young sister's proud trusting in him, his happy home, whither no care or sorrow could pursue him—the family hearth was a sanctuary, and there he was safe.

The innocence of childhood, consisting, as it does in the ignorance of evil, is for me the one charm which makes it so like what I dream of Heaven. Alas! how often when I gaze on the fair hair of the young, and eyes that looked no evil, have I in my heart shed tears that such whiteness of soul was no longer my own—bitter tears of repentance, but ineffectual ones likewise, for they were the lament of what had long since departed. The fruit had long since been tasted, and the paradise of primeval harmlessness wandered from forever.

A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

EMILY (sotto voce).—"My goodness, Edith, what shall I do?—my nose itches so dreadfully, and we are coming to the most difficult part."

Agricultural.

BEST BREED OF SHEEP.

I am aware that there is a great diversity of opinion among farmers in reference to this subject, but I think a candid estimate based upon facts, with the application of figures, will readily convince the most fastidious.

We will first consider the Merinos, which are all the rage in many parts of the New England States, New York, and some portions of Canada. A flock of Merinos, weighing on an average 100 pounds each, would be considered a very superior lot, and would probably clip eight pounds of wool per head at the age of two years, which, selling at fifty cents per pound, would amount to four dollars per head. At this estimate, the annual wool clip of 100 ewes would amount to $400. Now, allowing extraordinary good luck in rearing lambs, there might be as many saved as there were ewes—these selling at the market price in the fall of the year, (two dollars apiece,) would bring $200, which added to $400 would make $600 the annual income from a flock of 100 Merino ewes. But this result could not be obtained except with a very superior flock, with the best possible management.

The same sheep at the age of five years, well fitted for market, (and I might here add that no sheep should ever be kept longer than to this age,) would realize to the owner about $5 each. Thus an individual acquainted with the management of flocks, with proper location, might realize from a flock of 100 ewes to start with, the sum of $2,300 in the space of three years time, as gross income.

Now, then, for some larger breeds, such as Cotswolds, Leicester, Oxford-Downs, &c. The average weight of a superior lot of Canadian sheep of either of these breeds, would be about 160 pounds. Such a flock at the age of two years, would clip about ten pounds per head, which, under existing circumstances, would sell for as much as the finest quality of Merino wool, say fifty cents per pound, or $5 per head, or $500 for a flock of 100 long-wooled sheep. As these sheep are very hardy, great feeders, great milkers, and very prolific, it is not a high estimate to count 125 lambs to 100 ewes—these selling at the market price in the fall, for mutton purposes, would readily bring $3 per head, or $375 for the lambs, which added to $500, makes the sum $875 per annum the income from one hundred long-wooled sheep. But as of the Merinos, the exercise of the greatest possible skill and care of management of them, to obtain this result, is required. I think but very few do it in either case; still it can be done, and has been to my personal knowledge, although on not so large a scale.

But, says one in favor of Merino sheep, although you have shown the income from the long-wooled sheep to be about one-third more than the other, still I claim that the cost of keeping is full one-third more than that of the Merinos. Admitted. Then we are even? Denied for this reason—the long-wools when well fitted for market, will sell for about $12 per head, or more, from the fact that the flesh is of a superior quality; and extra heavy fat sheep, as with extra fat cattle, invariably sell for extra fat prices. Therefore, the figures show a heavy balance in favor of long-wool breeds, of the different classes of which I will write hereafter. They are not entitled to the same merits; however, they are all hardy, with strong constitutions, and attain great size when properly fed in winter and grazed in summer.—*F. E. W., in Country Gentleman.*

CULTIVATING ORCHARDS.

It is a question much discussed of late, whether or no orchards should be ploughed and manured and cropped. We have seen orchards, both old and young, cultivated to their injury. If an old orchard is ploughed deep, it is quite sure to tear up and break the roots; and this will be followed by blight and stunted growth. If a young orchard is ploughed carelessly, not only will the roots of trees be injured, but the bark will be bruised by the whiffletrees, and the trees themselves be gnawed and trampled on by the horses. An old orchard *can* be ploughed shallow, and little harm come from it; but as a general rule, the plough should be kept outside of its boundaries. If the land needs enriching and re-seeding, scarify the surface with a harrow, and give a dressing of old manure, scattering the seed where it is wanted.

A young orchard not only *can* be ploughed safely, but it absolutely requires cultivation. One might about as well throw his young trees into the street at first as to set them out in tough sward, and let them so remain. Perhaps most of them will manage to live, but they cannot thrive. Plough the land properly, manure it well, keep the surface hoed clean of weeds and grass for six feet around every tree, and it will make more progress in one year than a grass bound tree would in three or four. This is no mere speculation; the experience of every year proves it. As the trees become large, and the roots ramify, let the plough be gradually withdrawn.—*American Agriculturist.*

PREVENTION OF "CRIBBING" IN HORSES.—I found myself cheated to the amount of $90 by the purchase of a horse sold as "sound," but which proved to be an inveterate cribber. Various remedies were recommended and tried without success. Finally, I have found a preventive, if not a cure. I have arranged the stall so as to leave nothing against which he can press his teeth. He is fed from a low box which is pushed into the stall from a passage-way, and the box is withdrawn when not in use. (It is said that a horse can not crib with his head down.) The opening for air and light is placed too high for him to reach it, to crib against its sides. Since adopting the above arrangement, the horse has improved in condition and spirit, and his value is also much increased.—*American Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

A SURE RULE FOR COOKING EGGS.—Put them into cold water, when the water boils take out your eggs, and they will be found "just right," unless you require them boiled *hard.* If so, let them cook for half an hour, and they digest much easier, and will be found more palatable than the waxy-like eggs generally brought on for hard boiled.

RHUBARB WINE FOR SICK SOLDIERS.—Dr. M. M. Marsh, Inspector of the U. S. Sanitary Commission for the Department of the South, has given to Rev. R. G. Williams, Delegate of the U. S. Christian Commission, a receipt for making rhubarb wine, which he says is the best remedy for dysentery and diarrhea as yet known. As these complaints are very common among our soldiers, and in the South quite apt to become chronic and fatal, it is hoped the friends of the soldiers will make up a good supply for their use, and forward it to the Sanitary Commission, or to hospital surgeons. The following is the recipe:—Peel and slice the stock of the leaf as for pies; put a very small quantity of water in the vessel, only just enough to cover the bottom; cover the vessel and gradually bring to a slight boil; then strain, pressing out all the liquid; to this liquid add an equal quantity of water; to each gallon (after mixed) add four to five pounds of brown sugar, set aside, ferment and skim like currant wine; leave in the cask and in bulk as long as possible before sending away. All wine is better kept in casks.—*Exchange.*

TO KEEP BUTTER SWEET.—In May or June, when butter is plenty, work it thoroughly two or three times, and add at the last working nearly one grain of saltpetre, and a teaspoonful of pulverised loaf sugar to each pound of butter. Pack it tightly in stone jars to within two inches of the top, and fill the remaining space with strong brine. Cover the jars tightly and bury them in the cellar bottom, where the butter will keep unhurt for a long time.

CAPE MAY PUDDING.—Take 8 tablespoonfuls of flour sifted, 1 quart of new milk, 6 eggs; if you have cream, it is very nice to use part cream with the milk, but is good with the milk alone. Mix the flour with a part of the milk and beat it very smooth, then add the rest of the milk with a little salt, a saltspoon part full, beat the yolk and white separately, add the white just as you are ready to put it in the oven; bake from a half to three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

The following sauce is very good to eat on Cape May Pudding.—1½ lbs. of butter and ½ lb. sugar. Beat the butter to a cream, then add the sugar, next a teacupful of wine, or more, if the butter and sugar will take it. You can flavor with what you like, vanilla, lemon, or nutmeg.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

FISH AS FOOD.

There is much nourishment in fish, little less than butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its soft fibre, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is in fish a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, viz.: iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which the civilized, the highly-educated and refined are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that, in the majority of fish, the proportion of solid matter—that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part—is little inferior to the several kinds of butcher's meat, game or poultry. And if we give attention to classes of people classed as to the quality of food they principally subsist on, we find that the ichthyophagus class are especially strong, healthy and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from maladies.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 28, 32, 13, 4, is a river in the United States.
My 11, 7, 16, 26, 30, 9, is a river in Ohio.
My 33, 4, 5, 17, is a cape on the coast of South America.
My 15, 23, 6, 19, 26, is a mountain in Virginia.
My 1, 6, 2, 6, 8, is a river in one of the Gulf States.
My 14, 4, 5, 20, 23, is a cape on the coast of Europe.
My 5, 23, 19, 10, 13, 25, 10, is a river in Ireland.
My 11, 4, 13, 25, 20, 3, 9, is an island in the Arabian Sea.
My 1, 23, 21, 20, 6, is a sea in Asia.
My 15, 4, 5, 11, 24, 7, 9, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

My whole is the name and place of residence of a distinguished Federal General.

Kenton, Ohio. E. M. BERGSTRESSER.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A poisonous serpent.
A city of Belgium.
An United States coin.
A celebrated city of France.
A town of European Turkey.
A district.
One of *the* months.
An emperor of Rome.
A vehicle.
An animal of New Holland.
A small boat.
One of the Sandwich Isles.
A river of the Netherlands.

My initials spell the name of a great man; my finals the rank he held.

JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Omit my first, and I am a useful article, much used by ladies in sewing.
Omit 1st and 6th, and transpose, and I am a celebrated and ancient city in Europe.
Omit my 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th and 6th, and I am an interjection.
Omit my 1st and 3rd, and transpose, and I speak of the past.
Omit my 1st and 6th, and transpose, and I signify increase.

My whole is one of the most useful faculties. It triumphs over distance, change, and time; keeps ever blooming, the flowers which brightened the green spots of early days, and when deprived of those we love by death, it is the greatest consolation left to surviving friends.

Baltimore. EMILY.

CHARADE.

My first is a name often given to Satan;
My second is an interjection;
My third is a name often given to girls;
My whole was a ruler in Europe.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a tree that is 32 feet to a fork, and is 3 feet in diameter at the butt, and tapers uniformly to within 2 feet of the fork where it is sawn off and is 1.5 feet in diameter. What is the solidity of the tree, supposing the one branch of the fork, is to the solidity of the butt, as 3 is to 7, and, the other as 2 is to 5—the branches of the fork being split apart?

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have two numbers; the sum of their *square roots* is 13; the sum of their *squares* is 433. What are the numbers?

Cincinnati. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is it expensive to keep pigeons? Ans.—Because you must have a housemaid (house maid) specially for them.

☞ What two letters are the most disagreeable to ladies? Ans.—D K.

☞ Can a drunken Prussian be considered a white man? Ans.—Certainly not, he's a *Prussian Blue.*

☞ Why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex? Ans.—Because they can always be *Mollyfied.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"The History of the Present War." CHARADE—Agnesis (gnes as ass.)

Answers given to Homer's PROBLEM published May 2nd, are—34.325 feet; E. Hagerty, Baltimore. 34.375 feet; George H. Bunn, Racine Co., Wis., and Thomas W. Purcell, Morrison Co., Ill. 34⅝; O. H. Rockwell, Gay's Valley, Pa.; A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa., and John A. Ewalt, Trumbull Co., Ohio.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM published May 2nd. Deviation of plumb line 11 min. 39.76 sec. E. Hagerty, Baltimore.

Answer to Joe Maxey PROBLEM published May 9th. 3 o'clock, A. M. E. Hagerty, Baltimore; P. E. P., Montreal; Nelson E. Wills, Summit Co., Ohio; O. H. Rockwell, Gay's Valley, Pa.; John A. Ewalt, Ohio; A. Martin, Pa.

☞ We think D. S. Hart will find the Problems mentioned all answered.—*Ed. Riddler.*

Answer to the question of Daniel Bloebach's "PROBLEM OF PURSUIT." "The length or distance of the Spider's path in the pursuit" is 43 inches, being the diameter of the semi-circle. The *curve is a right line.*

AN INVALID.